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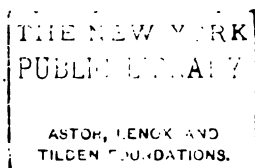
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ASTOR, LENOX, AND
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Painted by J. H. Russell.

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THE BREAKFAST PART.





THE
JUVENILE
FORGET ME NOT.

Edited by
M. L. B. Hall.



LONDON
Printed by ACKERMANN & CO. Strand
— AND —
WESTLEY AND DAVIS,
Stationers' Hall Court.

1836.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE
JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT:

A
CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,
OR
BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

1836.

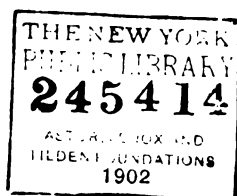
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A SCENE,

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION TO THE NINTH VOLUME OF
THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

"COME, Emily! Lucy! come! you have often written to tell me how pleased you were with the little Annual I edit for the amusement of little folk. And now, here are the sheets; that is to say, the separate portions of the book; you may look them over with me before they are bound together. Now, Lucy, that you are come to Wentworth Cottage, what think you of those pages?"

"Indeed," replied Lucy, "I think I should like to make a book too; and I do not think it would be so very difficult; for so many persons write for an Annual, that there is nothing to do, but

'Print them, and put them together!'

“ Ah, Lucy, Lucy ! you little know the trouble there is in writing stories for children. It is not one person in ten, however clever, who can bring ideas down to the level of a child’s comprehension. And then, dear, I am so anxious to improve my little readers, that I fear sometimes my book may be too dull ; and on the other hand, I am so desirous to *amuse* them, that I have to avoid making it too lively, lest it may become trifling. There ! I declare Emily is sorting the grave from the gay already.

“ Dr. Walsh’s interesting account of the ‘ Mantis, or Walking-Leaf ;’ how very good it is of the Doctor to chain himself down for your amusement ! But he is very fond of children, and has the happiest method in the world of conveying instruction to their young minds. Then the ‘ First Basket-Makers ;’ you are quite right, Emily, in calling *that* a nice paper : it put me in mind of a good blind girl I once knew in my own country, who supported her old kind grandmother, by weaving three-cornered baskets of green rushes, which she would fill with violets, primroses, or blackberries, according to

the season of the year, and then sit patiently at the cross-roads : a large basket, containing the smaller ones, by her side, and her mild, sightless eyes, seeking, by the sounds of the voices of those who spoke to her, the countenances she could not see. I wish some of our artists had noted poor Susan Ray and her baskets by the wayside ; she would have made a pretty picture.

“ Ah ! I see you retain Mrs. Hofland’s ‘ Orange Boy ’ in your hand, Miss Emily ; though, as Lucy is collecting the lively portions of my book together, she claims it also,—divide it, divide it between you, young ladies, for Mrs. Hofland has a happy method of blending the grave with the gay, the instructive with the amusing. Mary Howitt’s ‘ Wild Flowers ’ are worthy of a place in our conservatory. What did you say, Lucy ? That a conservatory would spoil their beauty ! I believe you are right, love. Yet, still we can *conserve* them in our hearts. Make your sister Julia learn the ‘ Little Teacher.’ I can fancy her and little Henry—like the children in the picture,—she full of affectionate importance, and he very quiet and

obedient, at least, for the first five minutes. 'Papa's Letter' I wrote with a desire to shew my young friends the value of *self-restraint*; a female loses half her value if she cannot command herself: do not blush, Emily! I see *you* have conquered one of your weaknesses; you have not run away from that ear-wig, nor screamed because a poor little black spider has been swinging from the ceiling on the tight, but almost invisible rope of his own ingenuity. 'The Blackbird's Song' and the 'Ghost Story' are both by a lady, Miss Stickney, who, this year, for the first time, has been so good as to contribute to our pages.

"I will also tell you a secret. The author of 'Children's Sports in Switzerland,' two years ago could not write intelligible English! You see what application will do, she writes now, considering all things, with astonishing correctness. The beautiful account of 'Humming Birds' was compiled by a young lady not seventeen; and, I assure you, I was delighted at being able to present you with so much information, combined with such rare amusement. She resided some years in the land of birds and flowers,

and observed all she saw, so as to be able to add both to our store of knowledge and pleasure.

“ You have met your fair correspondent from the Bosphorus before; but you cannot avoid being pleased at meeting her again. ‘Irish Jerry’ is a new acquaintance both of mine and yours; but you know of old, how happy I am whenever I can destroy a prejudice by the force of example. What, Lncy! do you not understand me? I mean, that I am glad to convince you, by setting Jerry’s example before your eyes, that it is possible to achieve almost any good undertaking when we remain firm to our purpose.

“ There are two who contributed well and abundantly to these volumes, — dear friends to the best interests and happiness of both young and old, — whom you can meet no more; whose pens remain unmoved within their stands; whose eyes are dim; whose hands are cold; who are dead, dead to us, and to those nearer and dearer ties, which only *death* can sever. Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury have been called from us in the prime of life and zenith of fame. It now only remains for us to

shew how highly we valued their prece example, by attending to the one, and ing the other. We feel as if we knew int those whose works we become acquainte we love them for their goodness, or we them for their abilities; and, when we los we feel as we had lost friends. For n part, I cannot sing their songs, or nam names, without tears, and, as I do no to make my favourites sorrowful, I will you how kindly L. E. L. lets down the strings of her beloved lyre, and sings wh can understand and profit by. Mrs. Abc tells you of 'Dear-Bought Wisdom,' th may buy yours cheaply. And your fav the Author of 'Selwyn,' Lucy! has giv one of her most charming stories, a true s the incident occured during her visit to t of Wight.

"Now that you know the titles of the in my book, it only remains for me to lea at leisure to peruse the whole.

"When first I planned this Volume, nov nine years since, I little thought of ever v '*books for big people.*' And, believe me

though I have derived some fame,—much more than I deserve,—from my acquaintance with Irish characters and ‘Buccaneers,’ yet I am never so truly happy as when writing for the amusement and improvement of little girls, ay, and little boys also, though, I confess, that I love girls a little, *leetle* bit the best of the two. Pray you, dear girls, love me in return; and you, young gentlemen, you will surely be too gallant not to love me also, for the sake of the love I bear your sisters. And now, Emily and Lucy, I leave you to your books, praying that you may enjoy much happiness, and many, many blessings until we next meet.

“*Wentworth Cottage.*”

A. M. H.”

THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE

by J. H. H. H.

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 AND ONE WHICH HAS OF LATE YEARS
 ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE
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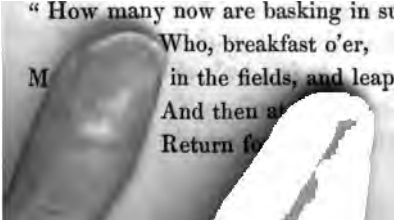
"Entangled with the dog-star, and may be
Our fate to ban !

Or have those bipeds passed this new decree !
One never can
Put faith in man.

"A stoic's soul can scarce the blow defy ;
It makes one wish,
Like man himself, ' to be a butterfly,'
Or that gold fish
In yonder dish.

"Was there not tyranny enough before,
And contrasts drawn
'Twixt fat sleek puppies, bull-dogs brave and poor,
'Twixt rags and lawn,
Bare bones and brawn ?

"Happy the dogs who form a breakfast group
Around the feet
Of some fair girl, dispensing milk or soup,
Or scraps of meat,
With smiles more sweet !



"How many now are basking in such smiles,
Who, breakfast o'er,
M in the fields, and leap the stiles,
And then at
Return for

“ But I ! must I, for lack of gloss and beauty,
Be quite undone,
In being sentenced thus to ‘ double duty ?’
Is not a ton
Enough for one ?

“ I had escaped this heaviest of dooms,
Were I, sad wight,
Used, not in drawing trucks, but drawing-rooms
Or prone to bite,
And fond of fight !

“ Or were I bred among the sporting race,
To make a stir
In pits, or in preserves, or in the chase,
And live a cur
Of character !

“ Alas ! *my* lot is merely usefulness ;
I toil along,
Too plain to love, too rugged to caress ;
I do no wrong,
But, ah ! I’m strong !

“ My duty doubled !—Well, I’ll toil six days,
And, bless the mark !
Drag, on the seventh, in a little chaise,
Five Smiths, till dark,
All round the Park !”

THE MANTIS, OR WALKING-LEAF.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

D. PAPA, what is this long, hard word—En-to-mo-lo-gy?

F. Entomology, my dear. It signifies a description of insects. The word *entomos* implies the same thing in Greek as insect does in Latin, —nearly cut, or divided into three parts, as most insects appear to be: these are the head, the thorax or breast, and the abdomen or belly. Formerly very few creatures of this tribe were described: the bee, the ant, the spider, and some others, which were found in all countries, or were made useful to man, or whose habits came every day under the notice of people, were alone attended to, and the knowledge they supplied was not sufficient to form a science. But in our time, when every thing is investigated, and new and beautiful discoveries are every day made, even among beings which were considered as the meanest of God's works, the facts were so

numerous and curious as to afford materials for a new department of knowledge, for which it was necessary to invent a new name, and, therefore, learned men called it Entomology.

D. And is every story I have heard of little insects true?

F. The advantage of modern science is to separate the true from the false. When the ignorant noticed any thing extraordinary in such beings, they immediately supposed there was something preternatural in it, and it became the occasion of superstitious alarm. There is a small creature found in decayed furniture which makes a noise like the ticking of a timepiece. It is sometimes heard in a bed-room, and is then always considered as the forerunner of some fatal sickness in the family, and is, therefore, called a death-watch. I have known many persons who were weak enough to believe this; and I could not remove their anxiety, by shewing them the little insect in the cell which it had burrowed for itself in the old wood.

D. Did you ever meet with any other of which such things were told and believed?

F. Yes; many whose habits were so extraordinary as to account for this belief, and almost to justify it.

D. Tell me what was the most curious insect you ever met with.

F. I think that called the walking-leaf, which I will describe to you. For the convenience of memory, insects are classed with respect to wings. If they have none, they are called aptera, which literally signifies, without wings. If they are provided with them, they are classed according to their number and arrangement. Some are diptera, or having two wings, like our common flies: some are neuroptera, having four wings, with nerves branching through them, like dragon-flies: some are coleoptera, having their wings covered with a case, and you cannot see them till the case is raised up, like beetles: some are lepidoptera, having four wings covered with scales, which are generally beautiful, as butterflies: some are hemiptera, having the upper ones something like parchment. There are other divisions which are more complex, and which it would be tedious to enumerate here.

D. To which does the walking-leaf belong?

F. To the order hemiptera. It has four wings: the two upper membranous, or like parchment, which gives occasion to its name; the two lower folding the body. It has six legs: the front, or foremost, serrated or toothed like

a saw, and ending in a single nail, which seems not intended to assist the animal in walking, but to use as arms. The four hinder are properly its legs, and help it forward, though with a very awkward motion. The elytra, or cover of the wings, is generally a bright green, fading into a brown or yellowish hue, and so nearly resembles the foliage of a plant in its stages, that it has attained for the insect the name of the walking-leaf. But that which gives it its most striking characteristic is the structure of its head. That part which, in other insects, is generally a flat immovable breast, is in this elongated into a flexible neck; to this its head is lightly attached, so that it has the power of turning it in different directions.

D. Is there more than one kind of them?

F. O yes; the class is so numerous that it has been divided into sixty-six species, having all nearly the same characteristics; but, for convenience, they have been separated into other genera, with different names. One is called the phasma, which literally means the spectre, or ghost; and there is a species of this named the giant ghost, which extends to the length of eight inches. The upper wings are small, and veined with green, like the foliage of a plant, but not so

conspicuous as in other kinds; it resembles, with its legs projecting as broken branches from a stem, more a twig than a leaf, and is, therefore, called the giant walking-stick.

D. But what is it, except their shape, that makes them such curiosities?

F. They all present not only an appearance so singular, but have habits so extraordinary, that they seem to be endued with qualities superior to almost any other animated being; and such has been the effect on vulgar and ignorant minds, that they ascribed to them powers and properties almost supernatural. There is a gravity in his motions, a wisdom in his aspect, and a sage and deliberate character in the manner in which he moves his head, that it has obtained for him the name of Mantis, or soothsayer, many of whose qualities are ascribed to him, and he is actually believed to possess them. He reposes deliberately on his hind legs, like an animal in a sitting posture, and then he raises one or both of his fore-legs like arms in such a way, with the nail projecting, that he looks exactly like a human being, pointing with his finger to some object to which he directs the attention; and at one time he is supposed to be intimating a future event, and then he is called the Diviner, and consulted

like an oracle. At another he is though pointing out the right path to a traveller. In countries where the insect is found, particularly among the superstitious peasantry of the south of France, when a traveller loses his way, he searches among the bushes for a mantis to direct him.

D. That is very curious.

F. But he exhibits attitudes more curious still. He sometimes holds both fore-feet together a little elevated, looking at the same time up to heaven with the most solemn aspect, and he exactly resembles a human being with his hands folded in the act of devotion. He is then called *le prie Dieu*, or the Worshipper, and looked upon in that attitude as something holy. This veneration is increased because he seems to possess the sense of hearing, and turns his head to the sound of an organ, as if he was particularly impressed with the nature of sacred music. On some occasions, when he is sought after, he suddenly contrives to elude his pursuers, and disappears. Hence he is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers to deceive and escape from his enemy, and he is called the Invisible. He lives for a length of time without food, light, or air, even longer than most insects, and, from

this tenacity of life, he is called the Immortal. And that nothing might be wanting to add to the respect which superstition attaches to these insects, the eggs of some species are found disposed in the form of a cross, as if by this they intended to display their veneration for the sacred emblem.

D. Dear papa, did you ever see any of these things yourself?

F. From the various and curious accounts I had heard, I was very desirous to examine them in their native state, and be an eye-witness to their motions and habits. Whenever I was in a country where they are found, I always procured some, and so had an opportunity. The first place I saw one was near Ephesus, in Asia Minor. We were taken prisoners, and detained all night on the banks of a river, by a party of Turks, and they accidentally set fire with their pipes to some dry reeds and bushes which covered the ground about us. As the fire advanced, the grass and leaves seemed endued with animation, and to be moving from it. On looking a little closer, I found what I thought was vegetable matter had really life. The humid soil and great heat of the climate had produced a vast number of insects in this place, and among them several kinds of

mantis, who were disturbed by the fire, and instinctively moving from it. Their motions were very grave and deliberate. After moving a little way, they stopped and looked back, as if to see whether the fire was advancing to them, and then walked on again. I brought away with me a large one, which exactly resembled a branch with a leaf attached to each side, and I kept him a long time at the palace at Constantinople, watching his motions, which exactly resembled what I had heard of them. He sometimes held up his fore-feet, with his head raised as if in the act of prayer; and sometimes he would turn and look up to me in the same attitude, as if entreating me to let him go. I caught another on a pine-tree in an island of the sea of Marmora, which was endued with the faculty of distinguishing sounds, and was attracted or repelled as they were agreeable or disagreeable. He was standing on a table, when a lady in the room struck a pianoforte. He started, turned his head in the direction of the sound, and astonished every one present by actually raising and letting fall one of his fore-feet, as if beating time to the music. On another occasion I was exhibiting the insect to a friend in my apartments, and turned round to call his attention to some curious motions in

was making. When I looked again it was gone, as if, like an Irish Liperchaun, it rendered itself invisible the moment I took my eyes from it. We searched every where, but could find no trace of it, though it was as large as a bird. A few days after, it reappeared, and I found it clinging to the wall.

D. Did every one you met with do the same things ?

F. No. They seemed to be endued with somewhat different faculties or habits in different countries. I never saw those I had in the east point out the way ; but I did in the west. I one day lost my way on the side of the Corcovado mountain, in Brazil. This mountain abounds with curious and beautiful insects ; and negroes are frequently sent out by their masters with gauze-nets to catch them. I met a party, and inquired the road. One of them had caught a mantis, and motioned me to ask him. I did so, and the insect actually lifted up one of its fore-feet, and seemed to point to a path in the forest with his long finger-like claw. The negro said, “ Bo,” which means good, in the imperfect Portuguese which they speak. So, I took the path, and found it the right one, which soon led me out of the wood. I know not if

the negro had been taught in Africa that the insect had this faculty, or whether it was a superstition he had learned from the Portuguese.

D. But did you find them immortal? Are they yet alive?

F. Of some I can say nothing, for they disappeared, and I never could find them again. Others I deprived of life myself, in order to preserve them. But one certainly did survive a long time, under circumstances which I thought no being endued with the principle of animation could outlive. I caught one on a mountain on the shores of the Black Sea, which was more curious and extraordinary in its appearance and movements than any I had before seen. I shut it up in a box, and forgot where I laid it. Several months after I found the box, and, when I opened it, I saw the prisoner inside as vigorous and lively as when I enclosed him. He seemed even more sage and active than any of his tribe. I kept him for nearly a year in this state of abstinence and confinement, and frequently exhibited him for the amusement of my friends. I never let him out, for fear he should become invisible, like his predecessors; but within the precincts of his prison he displayed all his extraordinary talents, and never seemed to suffer from the seclusion of

air, light, or food. I sent him to an entomological friend in England as a curiosity, hoping that he would have an opportunity of exhibiting him alive in the same way; whether the voyage was as ungenial to his feelings as to other animals, and he sunk under the effects of sea-sickness, or whether the period of his natural life had arrived, I know not, but, to the best of my recollection, when my friend opened the box, on its arrival, the poor, wise, immortal mantis, was dead.

D. And is the insect really endued with any wonderful qualities?

F. On the contrary, it is a very stupid and voracious creature. It devours without mercy every living insect it can master. Their propensities are so pugnacious, that they frequently attack one another. They wield their fore-legs like sabres, and cleave one another down like dragoons; and, when one is dead, the rest fall on him like cannibals and devour him. This propensity the Chinese avail themselves of: they have not the veneration of Europeans for their imaginary qualities, so they use them as game-cocks, and wagers are laid on the best fighter.

D. Well, I am sorry to find the sage mantis is, after all, no wiser than other animals.

F. The first step to knowledge is to reject falsehood. In this respect we are growing every day. The fables of ignorance and superstition are fast disappearing, and we have sufficient cause for admiration in the qualities that God has really given to all his creatures, without assigning to them fictitious ones of our own creation. It is the great goodness of the Deity to confer on every being such faculties as are admirably adapted to its nature: to suppose they have more than they want, would be an imputation on his wisdom.

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

FLOWERS ! wintry flowers !—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak ;
Oh ! softly couch its little head,
Or Mary's heart will break.

Amid those curls of sunny hair
The pale pink riband twine,
And on the snowy bosom there
Place this white lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone
The coffin'd infant lies ;
Look, mother, on thy little one,
And tears will fill thine eyes.

She cannot weep, more faint she grows,
More deadly wan and still :
Flowers ! oh, a flower, a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.

Go, search the fields ! the lichen wet
 Bends o'er the unfailing well ;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
 The crimson pimpernel.

Peeps not a snow-drop in the bower,
 Where never froze the spring ?
A daisy ? ah ! bring childhood's flower,
 The half-blown daisy bring.

Yes ! lay the little daisy's head
 Beside the little cheek ;
Oh ! haste, the last of five is dead !
 The childless cannot speak !

THE LITTLE MOUNTAINEER.

ROBERT BLY.

*6

They looked like care nothing to do,
 Between their toes the earth,
 They got the mud and stones to have been
 Their comrades of stone their birth,
 They had long hair, and long, big hair,
 Such as is her listening ear,
 And you can tell a stone to sigh—
 It is the *little mountaineer*!

The winds are sweeping through the sky,
 Their white wings bear away
 The brightness of the morning time,
 The sunshine's big orange ray,
 The armies summoned by a king,
 The clouds come far and near;
 They gather round her native hills—
The little mountaineer.

She stands beside the ancient well
That from the broken wall
Sings day and night the same sweet
In one low silvery fall.
She stands a lovely, lonely child
Without a thought of fear ;
The cave of nature is around
The little mountaineer.

A pensiveness beyond its years
Is in her childish grace ;
For many lonely hours have given
Their meaning to her face.
The mighty storms, the mighty hill
Have lent their solemn cheer ;
A poet's world is in her heart —
The little mountaineer.

MRS. TETTY AND HER WARD.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MY mother died when I was so young as to have no recollection of her. My father was commander of an East Indiaman, and was commonly out of England for upwards of two years together. He was not in the least wanting in affection for me, though he saw me so rarely that I used to lose all remembrance of his person in the intervals of our meeting, and had, as it were, to commence a new acquaintance with him every time he returned. But the circumstances of his profession were beyond his control; and as it happened that there were no nearly connected branches of our family to whose care I could be intrusted, my father found it impossible to do otherwise than place me with an old woman who had attended my mother most faithfully during the long illness which ended in her death, and to whose charge she had especially committed me; and indeed a kinder, better nurse never lived than poor Mrs. Tetty.

My father saw me gradually improving under

her care, from the little sickly baby my mother left, to the strong rosy child which he afterwards found me. As we lived in a secluded village in a part of England remote from any considerable town, but where my mother's property lay, I had not the advantage of attending any good school; but as all the hamlet consisted of small farmers and their labourers, I was looked upon as by no means inferior in accomplishments, or even learning, to any of them, though I was so utterly ignorant that now I am frightened to think of it; for of what lay beyond the affairs and objects of our narrow every-day life I knew nothing—nay, even of these I knew, as it were, only the externals. I never reflected; I was only a mere animal, using its five senses, but no more: but of an intellectual or spiritual existence knowing as little as the fowls of the air. We were all as people having eyes, but seeing not; ears, but hearing not; and hearts, but yet not comprehension. I was, in most respects, like Peter Bell and the primrose, which

“ A yellow primrose was to him,
But it was nothing more.”

To me, however, a flower had charms beyond the mere outside, and stirred sentiments within me which came and went, yet were never understood;

but, generally speaking, all that surrounded me were but things with names ; I learnt their names, and there my knowledge ceased : but afterwards, when my mind was awakened, I was amazed at the ramifications, as it were, of knowledge which spread from the commonest things that surrounded me ; and then it was that I found, to my infinite amazement, that glass, for instance, was not mere *glass*, nor salt mere *salt*, but involved, in a thousand ways, subjects of the most delightful interest. But how much more did all this apply to my spiritual nature as connected with religious knowledge ! I had been told that there was a God—that I must repeat a form of words called prayers morning and night, or that he would be angry ; that I must speak the truth, or he would be displeased : in short, that I must perform all the moral duties to avert his anger ; I therefore had towards him no sentiment but that of undefined fear. Here ended all my religious knowledge—all was vague, dark, and unpleasing. Of love, gratitude, and the filial reverence which all the human family owe to their heavenly Parent, I knew nothing. This my utter ignorance my father saw and deplored, nay, even tried to remedy ; but his visits were either too short or my nature too volatile, for any

permanent impression to be made by his instructions : and, spite of his earnest entreaties to Mrs. Tetty, that I might be properly taught in these matters, I made no progress whatever ; and how, indeed, could I ? for poor Mrs. Tetty, with the best will in the world, was quite inadequate to the task. She was very ignorant, and, having weak sight, could barely spell out a chapter in the Bible—which, by some unaccountable chance, seemed always to open at a chapter of genealogy. Poor dear soul ! what sorrowful confusion she used to make when she tried to enlighten me on things she so dimly comprehended herself ! Again, she was very rheumatic, and, as the church had the reputation of being damp, and service was performed in it only every other Sunday, owing to the clergyman living at a distance, I had not the opportunity of attending Divine worship, and thereby gaining some knowledge of holy things. Mrs. Tetty was, moreover, a rigid churchwoman, and this prevented our attending any of the chapels ; so that, from various causes, we seemed excluded from public worship altogether. She, however, kind soul ! taught me all she knew, and that well. I could knit and sew, and was qualified in every respect for a notable housewife. I watched our

little meals cooking when she was otherwise occupied; I neatly mended my own clothes, folded them up, and put them by with scrupulous care; I even tried to wash, mounted in my little pair of pattens to the wash-tub, and was praised for my skill; I could iron without burning the clothes or my own fingers; and was believed, by my simple-minded guardian, to be as well-trained a little maiden as any in the three next counties.

I believe I was naturally observant, so that the habitual exercise of this first faculty in the infant mind was obtained without poor Mrs. Tetty's interference; and yet, when I call to remembrance how she commended me for what she called my "sharpness," she, after all, perhaps, was the great spur to its exercise, for a kind word from her—and when did she give me any thing else?—was to me sufficient stimulant and reward.

No child ever loved the most tender mother better than I did my humble friend, and our separation was a cruel pang; but I could not then foresee the happy consequences it would produce to us both.

At eight years old I was a tall, robust, ruddy

girl, with an immense quantity of curling nut hair, dangling into my eyes and hair about my shoulders. I knew every field in the parish, and every creature wild and tame might be found in them. In the summer I went into the hay-fields, to work or play as I willed it, and to ride in the empty wagons, or to tear my frock and hands gathering sprays of wild roses, or long trailing stems of the beautiful blue vetch. I was up with the earliest dawn to pick mushrooms in the old pasture-fields; I went a-gleaning; I gathered blackberries, and spent whole days in picking bilberries on a wide heath some miles off, with the poor children of the parish, who gained their living at that season by doing so; and being taught by Mrs. Tetty to give my gatherings to my humble associates, I was, wherever I went, an honoured and welcome companion. There was not a man, woman, or child, in the village that I did not familiarly know. Many a baby had I nursed, and for many a little creature's untimely death I had sincerely mourned. These are small things to write about, and I tell them, not to make my young readers think too well of me, but as traits of my early character, training,

and life; and if I add that I believe I was generally beloved, let me not be thought vain, but do, my dear young reader, take into consideration that, among the poor people with whom I associated, there was so much kindness, so much patient endurance of poverty and pain, and such unostentatious sympathising of poor neighbour with neighbour, that no one could have been, as I was, among them daily, nay, almost hourly, without having the heart improved, and the affections and charities of its nature called into activity, and thereby winning their confidence and love. Mrs. Tetty was a most kind-hearted, benevolent creature; and was enabled, by the allowance that was made for my maintenance, and our really frugal way of living, to be a general benefactor. I was her almoner, and, through my intimate knowledge of every household, I became acquainted with all its wants and sorrows, which we had often the means and always the will to relieve. Oh, when I look back to those times, and see their happiness, their simplicity, and their humble usefulness, how do I mourn over the one fault which poisoned it all—our ignorance of the true nature of God and religion, though in practice often so truly Christian!

Although I was a considerable heiress in this country district, I knew little of it. There was no parade about any thing. The honest farmer who acted as my father's bailiff quietly collected his yearly rents, transmitted them to his agent in town, paid our small though amply sufficient stipend, and there was an end of the matter. Our cottage was on the farm of this good man. It was a sweet little spot embosomed in trees, with a large garden and a small orchard of old mossy trees, which, nevertheless, produced apples so red and so golden, that, in after years, whenever I heard of the Hesperian apples, I saw in fancy those of our own old orchard. Among the branches of the trees, and in their gnarled trunks, the robin, the chaffinch, the missel-thrush, the throstle, and the blackbird, found warm and safe retreats: for in my predatory excursions I never harried the nest of any bird which, as it were, had sought our protection. At the bottom of the orchard ran a small winding brook, with broken banks, mossy, and covered with every graceful and abundant plant that loves the water-side. The stream was shaded by alders, with here and there an immense half-decaying willow, which formed in itself a picturesque union of old age and vigorous youth. On the orchard-banks

grew snowdrops and wild daffodils, flowers which I can never see without the freshness and happiness of my early years returning with the memory of that green quiet orchard. Under the hedges, among the brown half-dissected leaves of the holly, sprang up the first violets of the year—violets thickly clustered as the stars in the sky, white and blue, an almost inexhaustible succession, though my little basket was filled every morning.

Our garden was as old-fashioned as could well be conceived: we had no flowers but of the most primitive kinds, but those in such luxuriant abundance as quite to make up for their inferior quality. Never did I see such clumps of crocuses as ours, nor such roots of polyanthuses, and yellow and lilac primroses. Poor Mrs. Tetty loved her garden next to myself, and was very particular in the management of her auriculas, pinks, and carnations; hence hers were reckoned the finest in the country; and many an old neighbour came in on a Sunday evening, dressed in his best, to walk in our garden, and quietly compliment Mrs. Tetty on the extraordinary excellence of her favourite flowers, or to beg a cutting or root of one or the other, which the kind creature never refused.

It was a happy life I led! I had tame rabbits, pet robins, and a sparrow so remarkably tame as to sit perched on my finger, eat from my lip, come at my call, and nestle in my bosom to rest for hours together. I had a cat and many families of kittens, and a terrier dog, wonderfully ugly, as every body assured me, but come, nevertheless, of so good a race as to be in general request for every rat-catching and otter-hunting within many miles. I had strolled the country over in every direction, and was, in my vagrant and out-of-doors life, as bold and independent, and as full of adventurous pleasure, as the most arrant gipsy that pitched her tent in our lanes. This life of freedom gave me the full use of all my limbs, and an energy and independence of character, which I found afterwards extremely useful, and which, in a degree, counterbalanced some of the defects of my early education.

Such was I, when my father announced his intention of visiting us, and for a longer period than usual. The tidings were those of great joy, for dear Mrs. Tetty had always encouraged, in my young heart, the most ardent affection for my father; and, perfectly believing she had entirely fulfilled her duty towards me, she antici-

pated his coming with impatience almost equal to my own. We talked of it morning, noon, and night: and such was the constant integrity of her conduct, that now nothing was done differently in the prospect of my father's coming, nor was I instructed to do thus and thus, nor to say this or the other before him; for Mrs. Tetty believed every thing had been done that he could desire, and exactly according to his wishes.

The first few days of my father's visit were days of unmingled pleasure: he found me grown beyond his hopes, and full of affection and buoyant spirits; and "all went merrily as a marriage-bell" till Sunday, when, as there was that day no service, my father took me by the hand, and, seating me beside him on a little branch in the orchard, began to question me on religious subjects. He had been himself most religiously educated in his youth, and, I have heard it said, performed family-worship for many years with wonderful solemnity and propriety, after his father's death, which occurred when he was but seven years old; and he had always thought it of the highest importance that children should receive very early religious knowledge: it may therefore be imagined what would be his horror to find me, though a Christian's child, as ignorant

as a little Pagan. My answers to his questions, and my remarks, were, I believe, painfully irrational or foolish; and I am ashamed to think how the ignorance which, in the openness of my nature, I fully revealed, must have shocked and wounded his deeply religious mind. Never shall I forget the agony of my spirit when I saw him burst into tears, and bewail over me as a lost, neglected creature. The sudden sense of a great calamity fell upon me, and I felt as if I had, in some way, betrayed a fatal secret, which would bring misery on dear Mrs. Tetty; for I heard my father couple her name with epithets which though I could not fully understand, I knew to imply indignant reproach. After some time, he took me again by the hand, and returned with me to the house, when he poured out his deep displeasure against the amazed Mrs. Tetty. She had warm feelings—loved me better than he life; and, believing me so faultless a creature was no less hurt than angry at my father's reproaches. The result of this strange and distressing scene was my father's determination to remove me from her guardianship; and, spite of my prayers to remain, and Mrs. Tetty's tears, expostulations, and upbraidings, she was ordered to pack up my little wardrobe, and have me

ready for a journey to-morrow. What a sad evening that was! I sate like one stupified with some strange sorrow, and many, many times half believed it a painful dream, from which I tried in vain to wake. Nothing in the world, I am sure, could have prevailed on poor Mrs. Tetty to make the needful preparations, but the knowledge that I must be the sufferer if she neglected to provide comfortably for the journey, which, she was told, would be a long one.

I will not attempt to tell my young readers what a melancholy going to bed mine was that night—how the dear, kind creature wept over me, and kissed me, and folded me in her arms,—looking in my face with the most passionate love, and then hiding hers in her apron to conceal her grief. I laid myself down upon the bed where we had so often lain together; and, burying my face in the pillow, cried myself into an uneasy sleep. In the very early morning I awoke; all was still in the house except the crickets, which I heard chirping on the kitchen-hearth—but no Mrs. Tetty was in bed! I started up half terrified, and, drawing the curtain aside, saw, by the light of the moon, the kind creature sitting, her face covered with both her hands, and presently after heard the sobs which she

could no longer restrain. She had been all the night making preparations for my ney ; and now, while some little dainty was cooking for me in the oven, had stolen up, to let me while I was yet under the same roof. The rest of the night I did not sleep, but, at my earnest request, was carried down to the kitchen-hearth, where, dressed with the solemn care, and wrapped in her best cloak, we sat down to pass the time together with protestations of affection and with tears, till the early hour which was fixed for my journey.

In the morning my father seemed so kind towards my poor friend. He allowed our obviously long parting without reproof, and wept himself to witness the vehement sorrow of the poor old woman, to whom, in truth, both he and I owed so much.

Our journey was a long one ; and, finally, I was placed under the care of a widow lady of the name of Herman, an early friend of my father's, and who, having lost several of her children of her own, the excellent management of whom had excited my father's admiration, was willing to receive me in the place of a daughter. I am ashamed to confess that

so wretched in parting from dear Mrs. Tetty, that I closed my heart against any one who might be chosen to supply her place, wickedly determining not to love her, nor even make myself amiable to her. But the soul of a child so used to affection as I had been, could not long remain insensible to kindness; it instinctively feels it in the tone of the voice and the expression of the countenance, and can as little resist its influence as the opening flower can the sunshine.

Mrs. Herman and myself, in a few days, were therefore better friends than it had been my intention we ever should become. She knew all the circumstances of my young life from my father, and, having won my confidence, soon penetrated my heart and soul, and, so doing, found much that made her love and admire my poor humble friend. She encouraged me to talk about her, and on this subject I had never done. What was my surprise when one day, after such a conversation, she observed to my father, on his entering the room, that she hoped he would allow Mrs. Tetty to take up her residence with us, and still be my attendant, though under her own inspection. My father seemed amazed; but Mrs. Herman, with that candour which was her

characteristic, without even objecting to my presence, pleaded so kindly for the poor wretch, setting forth our many obligations to her, and ending by hoping we might be the means of instructing her on subjects she seemed so ignorant of, and yet so worthy of knowing. I was so overpowered by this goodness, that I clasped my arms round Mrs. Herman's neck, and shed tears of joy and gratitude which prevented the utterance of words. My father was a man of the most generous impulses; he soon consented, and the next day I saw him set off again to our village to bring back with him my kind and dear friend.

Mrs. Tetty was endeared to me still more by this separation; and, having become a little sensible of my own ignorance, I was filled with a happy scheme of imparting to her information and sentiments which already began to give me infinite pleasure. I thought I knew the Mrs. Tetty would arrive in—the handsome dress, the gown and lawn apron, the scarlet cloak, and the black mode bonnet, trimmed with old-fashioned lace. I described her over and over again to my new friend,—how happy she looked, how fully she spoke, and what she would assuredly say at our first meeting. But I was wrong

father found her ill in bed—ill, as the doctor avowed, from excessive grief; and though she rose up, as soon as she heard the glad tidings, declaring she was capable of undertaking the journey that very day, it was too much for her; and I had to receive her a feeble invalid.

All the household were affected by her arrival, and the most unwearied kindness and attention were bestowed upon her. These things all touched the feeling heart of Mrs. Tetty; and she, who, like me, had entered the house with prejudice against its inmates, could not be proof against their kindness.

My father did not stay with us long enough to witness her recovery and establishment in the family. To her was intrusted the care of my person and clothes, to which she had so long carefully attended. She had a little room of her own; and the allowance which was still continued to her, made her a rich woman.

Now began, indeed, the golden days of my life. The Bible, which had hitherto been a sealed book to us both, lay open before us; and the joy of my life was to sit at dear Mrs. Tetty's knee, and read to her the simple, beautiful, and affecting narratives it contains. In her mind there was nothing to counteract the influence of good;

she received it with the simplicity and sincerity of a child, and with the knowledge sentiments awoke which hitherto she had but dimly felt.

It was wonderful that, with a heart so capable of receiving Divine knowledge, she had lived so long in ignorance of its facts. I recollected afterwards that my father, while deploring my neglected state, had said he had seen little children younger than myself, sprung of Pagan parents, in the lonely islands where God has blessed the missionary labours, reading the Bible under their palm-trees. Poor, dear Mrs. Tetty constantly reminded me of the old people in those islands, as my father had described them, receiving, as a thirsty soil drinks in water, the knowledge of God and the blessed means of our salvation, with a comprehension amazing to those who instructed them,—so far did it seem beyond the measured limits of their other faculties. With what amazement and delight did we read the story of Joseph! his being torn from his doting father came home to her heart. The exploits of David—the lives and deeds of Elisha and Elijah—the integrity and wonderful deliverance of the three faithful children from the burning fiery furnace, and of Daniel from the lions' den—but, above all, the history of the Shuna-

mite woman and her little son, and of David and the lost child of his affections,—were full of the most engrossing interest to her; and in all she found something to which her own heart and its experience responded. But if I first pointed out these extraordinarily interesting histories to the dear old creature, it was she who first awoke my mind to the beauty, the purity, the benevolence, and the heroism of the character of our Saviour. What a pleasant life we now led! Mrs. Herman ever encouraged me to converse on these subjects, which to me were the most delightful and interesting we ever spoke upon; for she made religion so lovely to my heart by the cheerfulness of her conversation, and the brightness of her hopes, that I could not believe any one could shrink from it as a gloomy subject.

Thus passed over several years. In the meantime I was learning a variety of things which it was necessary for me to know,—geography, and the natural history and manners of the inhabitants of the eastern countries, among the rest: these I found wonderfully to elucidate my knowledge of Scripture facts, and I aspired to teach Mrs. Tetty the same; but here, poor thing, she was as dull as a block, and seemed to comprehend nothing about them; her heart was not

touched by them, and all Mrs. Tetty's knowledge must pass through her affections. I therefore left her to her Bible alone, while I read and studied various other books, and gained as much knowledge as to satisfy my friends, if not myself.

But why need I now pursue the subject? my kind young readers who have gone thus far with me, will be sure that the latter days of poor Mrs. Tetty were made as happy as possible—they were so indeed! She lived to a good old age; and then, full of love and peace, passed to that brighter world for which the knowledge of her latter years had so worthily prepared her.

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THE LITTLE TEACHER.

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THE LITTLE TEACHER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CONSTANCE SPEAKS.

Now, brother Claude,
Sit down on this seat, I pray ;
Sit down, this very minute,
For you've learnt nothing to-day.

There's a good little brother !
Now we'll turn the book through,
And I'll find some pretty pictures,
And explain them all to you.

Now listen to every word I say —
That's a dear little fellow ;
But don't you call green blue,
And red, yellow.

Listen with both your ears, Claude,
And look with both your eyes ;
Green, you know, is for the trees,
And blue is for the skies.

And these butter-cups are yellow,
And this rose is red :
It's no use talking at all
If you don't remember what is said.

And now, love, this is water,
With a dog plunging through,
And he frightens those two geese
Till they don't know what to do.

And there's an old-fashioned lad
Laughing as loud as he can ;
Like Tommy Merton in a cocked hat,
And with a coat and waistcoat like a

And that fat woman in the yard
Has been washing, you may see ;
She is hanging out the clothes to dry,
As busy as a bee.

" Marget ! " shouts the magpie in the
And his chattering will not cease,
So she never hears how the dog
Is barking at the geese ;

Or else she'd off with her pattens,
And out in a famous hurry,
To drive those lads up the road
Away with a hurry-skurry !

Now, if you turn your eyes
To the farm-yard over the way,
You may see the cows ready for milking,
And a waggon-load of hay.

If you want to know the farmer's name,
It is "Jeremiah Stack;"
I can read it on the waggon-side
Painted in letters black.

And there stand the bee-hives under the wall,
Four of them in a row;
And look at that little bantam! —
Can't you hear him crow?

But there's nobody about the house,
Either behind or before;
So now, Claude, we'll turn on
And look for something more.

And next are tall cameleopards,
See how stately they stand!
Not in this country, you see,
But in their own native land.

This is a peep into Africa;
See what great trees are there!
Palms as high as church-steeple,
Towering up into the air.

I'm sure to be in such a country
Would fill one with amaze ;
Only look at that cameleopard
Stooping his long legs to graze !

And that other with his long neck,
Just going to brouse,
Half way up that huge tree,
Upon its thick, leafy boughs !

And, I dare say, not far off,
There are elephants, if one could s
I should not wonder if a great bull elep
Were just behind that tree ;

Lifting up his great trunk
To reach something for himself,
Or else resting his heavy tusks
As if upon a shelf.

Yet big as these creatures are,
They are so tractable and mild,
That a great black elephant
Has often been led by a child.

Now let us see what comes next : —
Oh, here's a summer's day,
And there are the country people
All busy making hay.

What a very different scene
Is this one from the other !
A hay-field is a pleasant place,
I can tell you, little brother.

I've been in a hay-field
All day from morning till night ;
And, dear me ! what things I saw
That filled me with delight !

There I saw the nest of the field-mouse,
So snug and so round !
Full of pretty little young mice,
In a hole in the ground.

And there I saw dragon-flies,
Some purple and some gold ;
And flowers, like garden-flowers,
As many as my hands would hold !

Then we had dinner—such a dinner !
All of us, under a tree ;
You shall go to the hay-field, Claude,
And what fun it will be !

Nay, I declare, this very minute
We'll go, for I heard say,
That the people were haymaking
Down in the meadows to-day.

TO THE ROBIN.

WHY before me chirp and flutter?
Pretty bird, thy wishes tell;
Though I know not what thou'dst utter,
Guessing, perhaps, may do as well.

If I'm near thy nestled darlings,
If thou striv'st their haunt to hide,
I, who scarce know tits from starlings,
Know myself—and turn aside.

Meditating no invasion
On thy little sacred store,
Here came I without occasion,
Here most likely come no more.

THE DONKEY BOY AND THE DOG-ROSE.

By the Author of "SELWYN," "MORNINGS WITH MAMMA," &c.

Do you know, my dear young friends—from your dictionaries alone you probably do, as well as from the frequent allusions of older persons—that there was once in fashion a science called "physiognomy," by which its inventor (a Swiss physician named Lavater), and his followers, among whom I believe we may all more or less be reckoned, professed to discover the characters of individuals from the features and expression of the face? And are you aware, that to this somewhat exploded theory has succeeded, in our times, another styled "phrenology," exemplified, I dare say, to yourselves sometimes by the gentlemen at whose knee you stand thumbing your little heads all over, according to which many think they ascertain, by the bumps raised by nature (not falls or fisty-cuffs) on the tender skull, what sort of persons you will all turn out

in after-life, and what sort of lessons you will take most kindly to in the meantime?

But there is a third sort of divination, not only more amiable, but infinitely surer and safer than the ones I have mentioned; in which my grand-aunt, one of the best and cleverest of women, professed herself an adept: and that is, the guessing at or rather forming an entire character out of the glimpses afforded into its hidden economy by slight, and to many persons insignificant *traits*. My aunt, it is true, was not infallible; she had no window, to be sure, that looked *directly* into that dark "chamber of imagery," the heart, but she was seldom wrong in it: and that you may be aware how favour worth having may be sometimes won by trifling marks of a good heart (as I am sure you all are among yourselves, how easily it may be lost by even slight tokens of a bad one), I shall tell you, as she has often told me, the story of the Donkey Boy and the Dog-Rose. These are not fine materials to found a tale upon. Yet from nothing more exalted than the former, or more rare than the latter, sprung the whole train of grateful prosperity on the one hand, and gratified benevolence on the other, which forms the subject of the following pages.

My aunt, a widow lady of large fortune and influence, was walking late on a summer evening in the neighbourhood of a beautiful village in the Isle of Wight. Her sympathy for every thing that lived and had a capacity for enjoyment, and more especially for those creatures to whom it was a rare luxury, led her to pause, and even turn back a few steps in the pretty lane along which she was sauntering, to share the delight with which a couple of donkeys (after either standing all day in the sun in the dusty town, or being hard ridden and well thumped by reckless little visiters to the place) were returning to their pasture, and one of them to her colt, whose impatient bray at her approach was, no doubt, music to the mother's ears.

The animals were ridden a-field by two little boys, to whose parents they probably belonged, as they were furnished with a key to the carefully locked gate of the paddock, which, after having turned in their happy beasts, they endeavoured (with an attention that betokened creditable bringing up) to fasten again. But the rusty key refused to move in the coarse ponderous padlock, which (the gate being a very high one) swung far above the little urchin, who, when he had unlocked it so cleverly, forgot he was exalted on

the back of the now far distant donkey. I did he clamber even on the top of the gate the more he twisted and turned at the key, the more stubborn did it seem to grow.

My aunt was not one to see childhood tress, even of this trifling sort, without strain to remove it. One turn of her dextrous hand, exerted from the proper position, on the refractory lock, settled the matter once; and released the boys (as ready, evident, for their play as the emancipated dogs for their supper) from all further cares for the evening.

Now, most children, and many good children too, in a far higher rank of life than these donkey boys, and older too—for the youngest seemed hardly eight—would have been content with the “thank’ye, ma’am,” and his little ragged cap, with which the party obliged got over his obligation to my goodness and ran off to his sport. But to her surprise and she was not ashamed to own her delight in his little companion, a year younger (and looking, as he was, seven years old), turned from following his brother, and shyly but confidently looked up in her face and offered

Now, it was not only the first of the season (at least my aunt, who loved them, had been searching the hedges in vain), brilliant and new blown, without a speck of dust on its snowy petals or deep green glossy leaves, but evidently dear to its little owner's heart and fancy ; and *that* it was which, with the grateful feeling evinced by parting with it, as well as the pretty manner of the action itself, gave it its value in my aunt's discerning eyes. Her divining faculty was immediately at work, and told her—how could a dog-rose say so much, and that in five minutes ?—that, in the little sickly bud of humanity before her lay folded up the precious elements of gratitude, and taste, and feeling. Gratitude to acknowledge and requite even a trifling favour ; taste to select and value an elegant but simple flower ; feeling to discern that it would be equally appreciated by another ; and, above all, that most winning of human qualities, disinterestedness, in giving his pet rose away.

All this passed quickly, as every thing did, from my kind aunt's head to her heart. Indeed, I rather think that in this instance the sagacity was of the heart altogether ; and she not only followed the boys with her eye up the lane to a very small cottage at its further end (whose

cleanly aspect and show of flowers she had often remarked), but walked off herself after them, to see what pretext she could make for learning something more about the family.

They, however, so far outran her (my aunt was on the shady side of fifty), that before she reached the cottage the eldest was riding on the gate, for which his late clamber had probably inspired him with a relish; while the youngest (young enough, she perceived, to be yet wearing a pinafore), who had his floricultural propensities "finely developed," helping his mother to water her pinks and gilliflowers.

"Your son seems fond of flowers, I think," said my aunt to the pale, mild-looking woman, with *widow* written as plain on her face as her cap; "and a judge of them, too; for this rose he has just given me might sit for its picture any day, it is so perfect."

The widow coloured, just about as faintly and prettily as the fading "May" bush under which she was standing, and said, "Jem takes after one that's gone, my lady—his father was a gardener;" and the poor woman brushed her eyes with the corner of her little boy's pinafore.

"And you would like to be one too, I dare-say," said my aunt, stooping over Jem to give

his mother time to recover herself. The child only blushed, the same pale tint as his mother ; and she answered for him, "*That* he would, my lady ! he's just wild for it. From the cradle he liked roses better than rattles, and put down his little face to smell them long before he could speak ; and now you see he'd rather help me water than ride or play with Bill."

"There may be more than love of flowers in that," thought my aunt. "Love to his mother may have something to do with it, and, perhaps, love to his father's memory too—who knows?"

"And do you think to make a gardener of him?" asked she, to draw out further particulars.

"No ! please your ladyship," said the mother, firmly, yet reluctantly, glancing at Jem as if sorry to blight the hope she knew was at his young heart. "He that's gone warned me against it. 'No lone woman,' says he to me, poor fellow ! 'can afford to breed a son a gardener now-a-days ; for even if one could scrape the 'prentice fee (and it's a mortal high one), they won't take little boys now, as they used to do, but must have great lads that can dig as well as learn ;—so that poor Jem there (who's like to be smally) couldn't hope to do for me or himself even for ten good years to come. Now,

Master Thorpe, the shoemaker in town, says take him, for poor James's sake and mine, nothing, and give him a bite and sup with own to save him coming home to dinner me."

"A lover of roses—one of Nature's florists be bred a town shoemaker!" thought my aunt; poor Robert Bloomfield, the poet, of whom must all have heard, sat in imagination before her—creating a world of beauty for himself and others in a dingy garret, among rude, unpoetical journeymen! But though she blessed God for her heart for endowing him with this possibility of mental enjoyment in despite of physical obstacles, and recollected that among the most successful of our florists are the mechanic smoky Sheffield and Manchester, she yet inclined to save Jem the struggle between nature and destined vocation.

The boy who weeded the grounds at that beautiful place in Hampshire had been transferred to *his* natural element, the stable bent for which was testified by breaking shrubbery for whips, and bestriding every rich and unridable animal in the parish. And seemed a present opening, at least, for Jem, mother would let him go so far, on the

chance (if deserved) of future favour ; for my aunt, kind and warm-hearted as she was, had not romance enough in her to adopt a *protégé* for life on one briar-rose's testimony.

"My good woman," said she, "I am a widow myself, and can feel for such ; and, having no children of my own, am the more disposed to help those of others. If you will trust me with Jem to S—— (only across the water, you know), he shall weed the grounds under my gardener till he is big enough to go to his trade, and perhaps longer, if he behaves as well as so kind a mother's son ought to do. He shall have decent clothes to work in, schooling after work-hours, and good wholesome food to strengthen him for whatever may be his lot in life. Remember, I promise no more, and even this will depend on his own good behaviour."

The poor woman was overjoyed, of course, for, like little Jem, she was not selfish ; and the thought of her boy's present gratification and possible future welfare far outweighed in her mind the pain of parting from him. Some boys would have made their best bow to the lady—even Bill would have tugged his cap and said "Thank ye !" But Jem's feelings lay always too

deep for words; and, having no rose in his hand to convey them by to a stranger, he sidled up to his mother, hid his face in her apron, and began to cry. "Oh! Jem, Jem!" cried the mortified woman, "how can you make such a return to so kind a lady?"

"I like him all the better for it," said my aunt; "joy and grief both at once are too big for his little heart, and I should be sorry he left his mother with dry eyes. But, by Monday, when my servants leave this to go home before me, Jem will step with a lightened heart into the boat with them; and by evening he will see flowers enough to reconcile him to S——, not to mention old Wilks, the gardener, who is a friend to industrious little boys."

To shorten a long story (about nothing, too, I am afraid some will think), Jem arrived safe at S——; and if he cried for grief to leave his mother, he cried again for joy when he first saw the beautiful garden in which he was to live a day long. By the time Mrs. S—— got home (which, having visits to pay, was not for a month though her directions about Jem had been minutely attended to), Wilks reported that the little island boy was the steadiest at a job

weeding of any chap of his years he ever saw. "He does it, ma'am, as if he loved it—as if his heart was in the business."

"That is just the case, Wilks," said my aunt; and she told him the story of his brother gardener's orphan boy, and his strong wish to be a gardener, like his father.

"It shan't be my fault, ma'am, if we dont make him one," said the good-natured Wilks, whose soul was in his profession also; "he takes to it mighty natural for such a hop o' my thumb as he is!"

But a hop o' my thumb (thanks to fine air, gentle exercise, and wholesome food) Jem did not long remain; for he grew and throve under them as a plant, that has languished in a poor, ungenial soil, expands when brought into one adapted to its nature. Many were the suits of neat drab working-clothes which Jem had outgrown before the time came when, being too old for a weeding-boy any longer, his kind mistress asked Wilks, before him, whether his conduct and docility had been such as to justify her in keeping him as an apprentice, and future journeyman, instead of making shoes in a garret, his only alternative.

It would be hard to say whether the tear

sprung fastest, at this last supposition, to the eye of the boy (by whom it had long been lost sight of in brighter anticipations), or of the old gardener himself, over whom the sad prospect of being prematurely invalided by rheumatism had for some time been impending with cruel certainty. "Keep him, by all means, ma'am," said he, warmly; "I'd rather trust him now, child as he is, to lay a lot of carnations, or pot a few tender cuttings, when my back won't let me stoop to it, than either of the two hulking lads, who eat twice as much victuals, and have journeymen's wages besides!"

And a journeyman in due time Jem became, too; requiting the old gardener's protection in the way most congenial to his grateful disposition, by being literally "feet to the lame," and enabling his old teacher, by the skill and care with which he executed his orders, to retain his valuable place some years longer than would otherwise have been the case. And when at length the faithful servant, yielding to age as well as infirmity, was with his own consent pensioned off, he resigned his beloved garden to his youthful deputy, not only without repining, but with a secret pride in the superior skill and ability of his pupil and successor.

The first thing Jem did on being installed in the pretty garden-house, whose roses he had tied up so many years before he dreamed they could ever be his, was to fetch his mother to inhabit it with him. Bill's settlement in life had just left her alone in her own humble dwelling ; and Jem, from whom, at every annual visit, she had felt it more painful to part, carried her off in as much triumph (the old neighbours said) " as if the dear old woman had been a bride." " And no bride," thought he to himself, " shall I ever carry home who would wish it otherwise !"

His good mistress, I am sure, did not. She knew that dutiful sons not only make kind husbands but faithful servants also.

The fidelity of Jem was soon put to a trial very different from those to which all in his station are liable. Not only would he have scorned to wrong his employer by selling or giving away (as many gardeners do) what was not his to bestow ; not only would he prevent any one else from wronging her at the risk of all the ill-will it might draw down upon him, but he really shewed himself ready, which is not often necessary for servants in modern times, to hazard his life for his benefactress.

Civilised as these times are called, and in some respects are, many of you, my young friends, are quite old enough to remember the rick-burnings and other sad doings by which ignorant and misled people, a very few years ago, outraged Providence and destroyed their own means of subsistence, while they madly injured the property and sometimes lives of others.

My aunt's house, in consequence of the partiality of her late husband for agricultural pursuits, was more nearly attached than is usual in country seats to the farm-offices ; and as these were again surrounded by huge ricks of corn and hay, Jem, during the fires, could get no sleep at night thinking of the danger his dear lady would run should the bands of incendiaries (who seemed in their blind rage to spare neither friend nor foe) make their way to her premises. If *they* could lose sight (as was then too often the case) of her many benefits, Jem could not. Gratitude was still, as at seven years old, the prevailing sentiment in his breast ; and for nights together, after all the toils of the day, did he keep guard (unknown to all but his approving mother, whose prayers, you may believe, went with him to his midnight watch) through all the

long dark hours, with his loaded sparrow-gun, over his mistress's valuable farm-yard, and yet more precious person.

And was he not rewarded, think you, my young friends, when (having succeeded in apprehending, after a desperate scuffle, one of the ringleaders in the very act of setting fire to the wood-stack in the court-yard, *behind his lady's dressing-room*) the cuts he received in the struggle, from a scythe-blade the ruffian carried, were first carefully dressed by her own hands; and when, some days later, at the trial, he was told by the judges on the bench that they scarce knew which most to admire, his veracity in the witness-box or his courage in the fray?

"*I* could have told them," said my aunt, who was in court; "it was his *gratitude* which I thought most of."

Jem loved her gratefully to the close of her life—followed her reverentially to the grave—served her successor, for her sake, with equal fidelity—and brought up a fine flock of children in hereditary devotion to her memory.

THE VIOLET.

Lily, pancy, kingcup, rose,
All their varied sweets disclose,
When the summer sun is glowing,
And the summer breeze is blowing;
But the Violet is a gem
Dearer far than all of them ;
Though it may not with them vie
In its fragrance or its dye ;
Though 'tis left to bloom unseen
'Neath the hawthorn on the green,
Or upon the lofty mountain,
Or the brink of silver fountain ;—
Yet, would blooming maidens take it
And their emblem-flower make it,
Then we very soon might see
Love from half its sorrow free,
For 'twould teach them Constancy !

TO MY GODSON,

AGED ONE YEAR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Thy birth-day—and the *first*, sweet boy!—oh,
shall it not awake

A song from one who loves thee, for his friend,
thy father's sake :—

How many radiant years expand before the eye
of thought,—

The founts of life and love for thee with kindred
beauty fraught.

The brightness and the bloom of days all redo-
lent of spring—

The hopes that soar to heaven for thee on many
an angel's wing!

Ah, never may a shadow fall upon thy graceful
brow,

But after time still find thee fair—still innocent
as now!

The inward living light of mind that, ray by ray,
appears—

Thy sudden smile—thy upward glance—thy infant
joys and fears—

Like music on thy mother's heart each tone and
accent rise,

And tears of pride and gratitude spring trembling
to her eyes.

And seasons oft shall glow and fade, and leave
their gifts with thee

While thoughts on thoughts in power increase,
like rivers tow'rds the sea ;

But never, Alfred, canst thou know one half the
care thou art,

One half the love and tenderness that fill thy
parents' heart !

Next, Nature in her glorious garb shall call thee
to her side—

And lead thee through her flowery fields, green
vales, and woodlands wide ;

Bid bank, and brook, and hawthorn-bower, their
treasures round thee fling,

Unfold the wonders of the woods, the miracle
of spring !

Thou'lt mourn, perchance, to watch those hues,
so beautiful, decay—
To see the withered leaf shrink down that bright-
en'd o'er thy way :
Oh, let thy youthful spirit then find higher paths
to range,
And prize those beauties of the soul which sea-
sons cannot change !

Which seasons cannot change, my love, nor
gathering ages dim
The glory of those flowers of mind—those ra-
diant types of Him
Who wrapped the starry heavens around the
earth he loved so well !
And gave—oh, all his gifts to man not angels'
tongues may tell !

Then take me, Alfred, wheresoe'er thy little foot
hath trod,
And there, from Nature's shrine, sweet boy, we'll
mount the shrine of God !
I have a vow within my heart, on His own altar
made,
To lead thee to his heavenly light, 'midst flowers
that never fade !

And should *I live*, 'twill be my hope to bid thy
soul arise
To all that poetry of thought which lifts man to
the skies ;
To wake thy spiritual eye to things thou should'st
adore !
If not, my voice shall echo *here*—when I shall be
no more !

May it instruct thee, when the dust shall darken
o'er my grave—
Say, Thus my godfather had taught—to love the
gifts He gave ;
To ope sweet Nature's book and read the lan-
guage of the flowers,
That language of eternity, which sometime shall
be ours.

And, oh ! my boy, remember well thy spirit
came from him
In purity, in innocence !—and ne'er let error
dim,
Nor all the world's seductive snares induce thee
to resign
The bliss of actions purified—of sentiment
divine !

Then come what may of life's mischance, of
earth's embittering thrall,

The everlasting arms, my boy, would never let
thee fall !

Rich in that best inheritance, a heart and spirit
pure,

Thy happiness is on a rock which seraphs keep
secure !

Farewell, dear boy ! If I might weave thy web
of future fate,

Cast out each dull and darkening line—how
bless'd should be thy state !

But may'st thou meet the *future* still more grate-
ful for the *past* :

And what I've sung thy *first* birth-day—*remem-
ber to thy last !*

THE GRANDMOTHER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CHILD.—AND when the house was burnt, grandmother, what did you do then?

GRANDMOTHER.—Took shelter in the barn, and were right thankful that our lives were spared, and that a roof was left to cover us.

CHILD.—But all the furniture was burnt, and the beds; and grandfather's leg was broke.

GRANDMOTHER.—But there was plenty of good clean straw in the barn; and one neighbour lent us a matrass, and another a blanket; and one brought us a chair and another a table; many a one spared us a pan or a kettle, a candlestick or an earthen pot, till we could get together two or three things of our own: it was, besides, a special fine season, and even in those misfortunes we had much to be thankful for.

CHILD.—But grandfather could not work; and there were five children; and there was the doctor to pay; and the house to build up again.

GRANDMOTHER.—Sure enough! yet, after the first shock of the misfortune, we did better than





one might have thought. Thank God ! at that time I was not an ailing woman ; I was able to work, and every body was ready to give me a job. Your grandfather, through the blessing of Heaven, soon began to mend ; and, saving that he never had the right use of his leg again, was not much worse for his hurt : I was soon able to leave him to the care of the three biggest children and to go out washing and doing day's work as usual ; and many was the time I brought home more than a day's wages, for every body was kind to us,—the farmers' wives often sent us a little bag of meal, or a cutting of bacon, or a pitcher of milk, and the butcher sent us a Sunday's dinner for seven weeks—all the time your grandfather was, as one may say, helpless.

CHILD.—And then the children had the small-pox ?

GRANDMOTHER.—But by the time they were all down your grandfather was well enough, though he could not work, to take care of them as they lay on the straw he had just risen from ; he was a kind handy man, and the children all did well, which was a great mercy, seeing what a frightful malady it was, and how many died among the neighbours that same season. Then, before winter set in, what with twenty pounds the squire lent us,

and by making over a bit of common allot that had come to us, and with the help of neighbours, we got the house raised, and roof on, before the hard weather set in.

CHILD.—But it was then, grandmother, you got the rheumatism so bad, and that made you so lame.

GRANDMOTHER.—Ay, to be sure, we got into the house before the walls were dry, and I fell ill of a rheumatic fever that kept me down fourteen weeks; but by that time the children were all well again, and your grandfather could begin to work.

CHILD.—But he could not dig as he used to do?

GRANDMOTHER.—Why no: he took to weaving; and though at first, to be sure, seeing it was a new trade to his fingers, he could not get much, yet there's nothing a man cannot do if he's bent on doing it, nor a woman either, so before the spring was over he got full journeyman's wages; and then soon after, as it happened, poor old John Mudge died, why he fell into his business as fast as could be, and weaving was a good trade then. There was not a farmer's wife in all the country but had a wheel going, may-be two or three, and there was a power of yarn spun, both

of linen and woollen, which it was soon thought nobody could weave into cloth like your grandfather. I'll warrant ye there's bed and table linen of his weaving in every decent family twenty miles round, though it's twenty years since he died: poor man! ay, and his weaving will be remembered through this generation.

CHILD.—And that was the way grandfather came to be a weaver?

GRANDMOTHER.—That it was! And it was a good day's work for him when he first took the shuttle between his fingers. We got our debts all paid off before three years were over, and then we were able to lay something by for our children, or may-be help a poor neighbour. But, now finish the chapter; you left off where the prophet sat by the Brook Cherith, and the ravens fed him.

CHILD.—I will, grandmother.

LINES TO LAURA.

WHAT is it shines in Laura's face,
And lends it such enchanting grace?
I've seen a brow as dazzling fair,
An eye as bright, as silken hair;
I've seen the rose and lily meet
In unison as soft and sweet;
Yet never lovelier face could gleam
On poesy's most fervid dream,
Than her's who met my gaze last night,
So full of peace, and hope, and light.

In Laura's voice what is the spell
That chains the listening ear so well?
As gentle in its silver flow
As music breathing clear and low,
Whose echo, like some ancient lay
(Belov'd in childhood's golden day),
Still lingering hangs around the heart
When all its crystal notes depart;
Yet never song of fabled sphere,
The bard inspired has feigned to hear,
Such grace and melody could own
As speaks in Laura's lightest tone.

at charm is this all souls have proved,
Laura *seen* is Laura *loved* ?
would you know the secret art,
beauty dwells within the heart,
ings warm, sincere, refined,
lossoms of a noble mind ;
like the sun to earth and skies,
the cheek, the brow, the eyes,
nd a loveliness and grace
ry turn of form and face,
outward mould, however fair,
was never felt to wear :
ich the soul to Laura given ;
oks, she speaks, she thinks, in Heaven.

burgh.

GERTRUDE.

THE FIRST BASKET-MAKERS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS.

“WHAT a charming view there is from this window!” said Mrs. Elwood: “the hills form a noble amphitheatre, adorned by a hanging wood of richly varied foliage; while beneath stretches a luxuriant valley, and

‘O’er the clear crystal hangs the beauteous scene,
The weeping willow, or bright evergreen.
Here thickening grass invites the mower’s scythe,
The busy groups of men and maidens blithe;
Here the shorn meadow brightens to the eye,
And scattered herds are ruminating nigh.’”

“It is indeed a lovely sight, mamma,” said Emma: “I remember papa telling us one day that the first weeping willow was planted in England by Pope the poet. Some one sent him a present of figs from Turkey, and he saw a twig in the basket which contained them beginning to shoot; this he planted in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree,—from which all the weeping willows are said to have sprung. The one you can see now has just made me recollect the story. I should think the willows must be ve-

useful, for are not all baskets made of osiers, papa ?”

Mr. E.—Not *all*, my love. The process of interweaving twigs, reeds, or leaves, is found among the rudest nations of the earth ; and an inferior specimen of art is known among the natives of Van Diemen's Land, which consists of a bunch of rushes, tied together at either end, and being spread out in the middle forms a basket. Other tribes make a basket of leaves interwoven, and so skilfully executed, that it retains either milk or water. Vaillant saw some baskets among the Gonaqua Hottentots of South Africa worked with reeds in so delicate a manner, that they were used for carrying different liquids. Thus, you see, the materials employed are various ; but osiers or willows are in most general use.

Mrs. E.—Basket-making is not only widely practised, but it is also of great antiquity. Herodotus, “ the father of history,” mentions wicker boats covered with the skins of animals, as employed on the Tigris and Euphrates. In Britain such vessels attracted the notice of the Romans, who found our ancestors skilled in this manufacture, and carried some of their baskets as great curiosities to the imperial city. Boats of a similar construction to those just referred to are used at

the present day in crossing the rivers of India, which have not a rapid current. At Hurrial, a town on the western side of Hindoostan, the river Toombudra is not fordable from June to October, during which interval round basket-boats are used to transport people, goods, and cattle, to the opposite sides. They are of all sizes, from three to thirteen feet in diameter, but shallow, and some will carry thirty men.

FREDERIC.—Do you recollect how they are made, mamma?

Mrs. E.—Oh, yes! A number of pieces of split bamboo, twenty, for example, are laid on the ground, crossing each other near the centre, and there fastened with thongs; the ends of the bamboos are then raised by several persons, and fixed asunder at due distance by means of stakes, in which position they are bound by other long slips of bamboo; the latter are inserted alternately, over and under the pieces first crossed, and tied at the intersections to preserve the shape. This being done, beginning from the bottom to the centre, the parts above the intended height or depth of the basket-boat are cut off, and it is liberated from the stakes, reversed and covered with half-dressed hides sewed together with thongs. One of them may be made by six men

in as many hours. These boats are navigated either by paddles, where the water is deep, or are pushed over a shallow bottom with long poles, and the passengers within are safely transported, being kept dry by planks and pieces of wood at the bottom. The basket-boats on the river Krishna, in the same country, are about twelve feet in diameter and four feet deep. Whole armies are thus enabled to continue their march, and even heavy artillery has been, in the same manner, conveyed across rivers. Sometimes the boats are towed by bullocks fastened to them, and goaded on in the proper directions.

Mr. E.—William of Malmesbury, an historian of the twelfth century, says, that the first Christian church in Britain was made with wattles, which are stakes interlaced, or interwoven with osiers. In different parts of the world whole houses, cottages, fences, and gates, are formed of basket or wicker-work. On the Continent a two-horse carriage, called a Holstein wagon, of very considerable size, and fit to carry several persons, is composed solely of basket-work; the same is often done here with regard to the bodies of gigs; and some years ago there was an appendage to our stage-coaches,

which was literally the *basket*. But, as Grahame says,

“ To name the uses of the willow tribes
Were endless task. The basket’s various forms,
For various purposes of household thrift,—
The wicker chair of size and shape antique,
The rocking couch of sleeping infancy :
These, with unnumbered other forms and kinds,
Give bread to hands unfit for other work.”

EMMA. — Well, papa, I never heard any thing like it. It is only to mention a flower, a tree, or a fish, and then you and mamma can tell us so much about it. How I wish that Frederic and I may be as wise, and, what is more, as *kind* as you. But though you have shewn that baskets were made very early in this and in other lands, I should think birds made them *first*,—am I right, papa ?

Mr. E. — There are many instances, my dear, in which birds excel us in the neatness and delicacy of their structures, but in their efforts at basket-making they do not always manifest much dexterity ; still I think with you, they are entitled to be considered the first basket-makers. We will, however, give you some proofs of their skill in this respect. The cele-

ted American mocking-bird prefers a solitary
rn-bush, an almost impenetrable thicket, an
nge-tree, a cedar, or a holly-bush. Here its
t frequently appears formed of a quantity of
twigs and sticks, then withered tops of weeds
he preceding year, intermixed with fine straws,
; pieces of wool, and tow, are employed ; and
n a thick layer of fine fibrous roots, of a light
wn colour, lines the whole. The hermit, or
tary thrush, executes a nest of basket-work
more neatly ; it uses for the lining of its
de a fine green-coloured thread-like grass,
fectly dry, which is very carefully and nicely
nged. Another bird, the red-winged starling,
oses the precincts of a marsh or swamp, a
adow, or other like watery situation. When a
h is selected, the nest is generally composed
wardly of wet rushes picked from the swamp,
long tough grass in large quantity, and it is
lined with very fine bent. The rushes form-
the exterior are generally extended to several
the adjoining twigs, round which they are
eately and securely twisted, a precaution ab-
tely necessary for its preservation, on account
he flexible nature of the bushes in which it is
ed. The same caution is observed when a
uck is chosen, by fastening the tops together,

and intertwining the materials of which the nest is formed with the stalks of rushes around.

EMMA.—But, dear mamma, I need now the aid of your retentive and well-stored memory.

Mrs. E.—The missel-thrush places its nest in the fork of a tree, such as an apple-tree in an orchard, or the pine in wilder districts; the chief condition being that it should be plentifully surrounded with the larger leafy lichens. Without detaching these from the trees, the bird artfully interweaves them into the contour of the nest, so as partly to conceal the basket-work of fine hay which is wrought in at the same time, and interwoven with much nicety. On the outside of the nest, furthest from the tree, the lichens and other moss have only one of their ends plaited into the basket-work, the outer being left so as to hang down after the manner of the thatch on a hay-stack, or rather like the fern-leaves, such as you see Ponton the gardener use to protect the early wall-fruit. The locust-eating thrush is one of a species, which, according to Barrow, congregate in great numbers. These unite in forming a common fabric for containing individual nests, large enough for a vulture. One of these, which he met with on a clump of low bushes at Sneuwberg, consisted of a number of

cells, each of which formed a separate nest, with a tubular gallery leading into it through the side. Of such cells each clump contained from six to twenty, one roof of twigs, woven into a sort of basket-work, covering the whole. These creatures also build along the banks of the Orange River on the tall memira-trees, which were observed to be loaded with thousands of their nests.

FREDERIC.—That is very curious, mamma, and I should look quite surprised, only I have heard of the sociable grosbeaks building in that tree. It is just the thing for them, because of its ample head and strong wide-spreading branches, which will admit and support the large mansion the birds erect there. You told me once that a traveller saw from eight hundred to a thousand under one *roof*, which is like that of Mr. Sedwell's thatched house, and projects over the entrance in a very singular way.

Mr. E.—I am glad, my dear, you remember the fact so distinctly. I will now give you and Emma one or two more. The nest of the sedge-warbler being very closely woven, is admirably adapted for warmth; this is indispensable for so small a bird, since it is usually built over water, and is supported in an elegant manner between three or four rushes. I have met,

also, with an account of the nest of another bird, which was suspended between three stems of reeds, and may be seen in the British Museum. Mr. Bolton, I may add, describes a similar one, which was skilfully bound round with the growing reed-leaves, so as to form a slight lattice-work, on which, also, the foundation of the nest was laid. The chief material employed in this abode was broken rushes; a few sprigs of moss were mixed here and there, and the whole was artfully wound round with the long flexible reed-leaves. It was placed about a foot above the water of a still pond.

Mrs. E.—I have seen a very pretty figure by Sepp, which represents it as built in the cleft of a willow, and basketed round with straw. It has been said that the nest is placed either amongst rushes or ingeniously fastened to three or four reeds; and in this floating cradle, though rocked by the tempest, the hen securely sits without fear or dread. Fanciful as this may seem, an accurate naturalist says he has himself more than once seen the hen sitting on the nest when, at every blast of wind, the reeds to which it was suspended were bent down to the water. There, Emma, your recollection of Pope's willow has added not a little to your stock of informa-

tion, which, you know, should be always increasing, as we are always forgetting. And then I am sure papa and I like dearly to talk about birds, and to listen to their delightful notes. Well has it been said,

“ Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround Heaven’s gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay ;
You remind us we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise,
There’s something about you that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky,”

EMMA.—What a sweet verse that is, mamma !
I wonder whether we shall have another morning like this while we are visiting Mr. Falkner, but I see he is coming to the gate, and *there*, Frederic, is the beautiful cream-coloured pony for you.

THE BANK OF HAPPINESS.

By MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

You say, my friend, throughout the year
 Something still seems my heart to cheer;
 That though beneath misfortune's stroke,
 More like the willow than the oak,
 It oft has been my fate to bend,
 Yet, should one cheering beam descend,
 Unharmed, again I raise my head,
 And round a soothing shadow spread!
 That though in deep retirement placed,
 With but few marks of fashion graced,
 Content is there—my house looks gay—
 And those who call, incline to stay!

The source of this, I now confess,
 Is a rich treasure I possess.
 Say, do you wish to own the prize?
 Seems it of value in your eyes?

Behold the plan you must pursue—
Study—and, if you please, *review*!

Whilst still a child, a thought arose,
 That sorrow and mankind were foes!

And so, her influence to repress,
I ope'd a Bank for Happiness.
For happiness? — the thought was strange!
Did any there their drafts exchange?
The plan, no doubt, was new and rare—
Did any place their treasure there?
Yes! — there was treasure — ample store!
Placed by the wealthy and the poor:
The king has sent it from his throne;
The beggar made it more my own;
The dog, the bird, the wandering bee;
The blossoms blushing on the tree;
The sportive lambs, which gaily played,
Their dams reposing 'neath the shade;
The foal that 'mid the daisies lies;
The sportive dance of summer flies;
The milky mothers standing cool
Midst the o'ershaded crystal pool;
The labouring steeds turned out to graze;
The feathered choir's melodious lays;
The jocund sound of harvest-horn,
While bearing in the ripened corn;
The loaded groups of gleaners gay,
At eve pursuing home their way;
And, when frost's influence keen was found,
And snow lay deep and thick around,

The sheltered homestead, snug and warm,
Fill'd with the tenants of the farm ;
The sprightly robin's lively note,
Which swelled in gratitude his throat ;
The genial hearth's enlivening blaze ;
The oft-told tales of ancient days ;
The deep discourse of lofty minds ;
The thoughts which music's spell unbinds ;
Wealth's costly sports, its pleasure's gay ;
The peasant's rustic holiday ;
The placid brow of reverend age,
As bending o'er the sacred page ;
The hopes of manhood — its success,
Its plans, its hazards, its address ;
The glowing thoughts of early youth,
Its feelings warm, its artless truth ;
And childhood's prattle, wild and free,
Its guileless sports, its harmless glee.

From all that's good, or fair, or kind,—
All that could bliss or pleasure find ;
From all — where aid I could bestow,
To those who pain and suffering know,
In the rich treasure seemed to flow.

Treasure ? — yes, treasure most refined,
Joy to the heart — balm to the mind ;
That bade the throb of sorrow cease,
And filled my soul with hope and peace.

Learn but of every thing below,
To share the joy, relieve the wo !
Then shall the simplest scene have power
To give to thee a pleasant hour ;
All that thou seest of good be thine,
For thee earth's fairest beauties shine ;
And to the realms of endless day,
Thou this rich treasure may'st convey,
Where all may join — crowned with success —
In one vast Bank of Happiness !

Aldwinckle Rectory.

245414

THE ORANGE BOY.

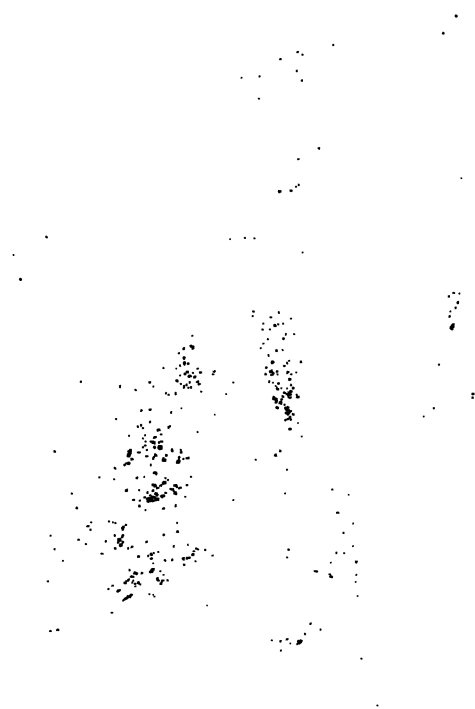
By MRS. HOFLAND.

“ ONLY to think of my being so busy to-day with the chimney-sweepers, and the family arrived last night at the Hall ! and, most like, some of them will be coming in, for I know the two little gentlemen are stirring.”

These words were uttered in lamentation by Sally Simpson, the wife of Mr. Talbot’s* bailiff to a neighbour, as they stood together in the farm-yard, and were quickly followed by the addition,—“ But ’tis no matter, seeing they have all got safe home, and his honour has already got into the justice-room, and my lady is doing good for somebody, one’s quite sure.”

Her words were cut short by the arrival of two handsome boys, of about eight and six years of age, the sons of the master she had justly eulogised, and whom the good woman, notwith-

* This name is substituted for that of the gentleman in whose family the incidents related occurred, little more than two years since.



1. The first of these is the fact that the
 2. of the system is not a simple matter.
 3. The second is the fact that the system
 4. is not a simple matter.
 5. The third is the fact that the system
 6. is not a simple matter.
 7. The fourth is the fact that the system
 8. is not a simple matter.
 9. The fifth is the fact that the system
 10. is not a simple matter.



Drawn by Miss Lucy Adams

Pub for the Proprietor, 1836

Engraved by W. Jay

ORBIT CHANGERS

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

standing her bustle, was delighted to see. Before she had time to offer congratulation and welcome, the wretched and half-naked child who had just finished sweeping her chimney, rushed forward, and, addressing the elder in great trepidation, said, "Is your father *really* a good man?"

Both the boys answered eagerly, "that papa was a *very* good man."

"And is he a justice of the peace?"

"Oh yes, and a member for the county."

"Well, then, please to take me to him, that he may be good to me—my master has used me ill ever since he bought me."

"Bought you?" cried all his auditors.

"Yes! he gave two golden sovereigns for me to the man who took me from my own mother."

These words awoke compassion in all, but the loud voice of the master, who had now disposed of his soot and was prepared to leave the place, startled them, and the boy's entreaty was reiterated in the very agony of terror. Sally felt confident "that no bad lad would dare appeal to his honour," and the two Talbots, touched with sincere pity for a poor creature about their own age, and naturally courageous, stood by him so closely that the brutal master could not seize his victim to inflict the punishment threatened for

delay. Whilst the parties were thus situated, Mr. Talbot himself appeared, and the confusion of many voices subsided.

The extremes of human existence might be said to meet, as the miserable little sweep, tremblingly yet confidently, stepped forward and looked up to the tall, handsome, and all-powerful gentleman whose situation and appearance so strongly contrasted with his own, and who encouraged him to speak by the look of compassion his very employment excited. The boy soon ventured to say, "Please sir, master beats me and starves me cruelly."

The question "how came you by this boy?" drew forth the same account already given: "he had been bought from on board a collier, and he was an idle young dog, who was growing saucy on his hands."

"Not saucy, but I can't help growing," said the child; "little master here can't help it, I dare say."

The young Talbots were very tall for their respective ages, and the words were spoken in a tone of such sorrowful deprecation as to touch the hearts of all. Proofs of ill usage were, indeed, soon displayed on his poor lean person, of a nature to justify Mr. Talbot in immediately de-

priving his master of a slave so illegally obtained : but when the man complained of his great loss, and that he had a large family to maintain, there was hesitation in Mr. Talbot's manner.

" Ask Jem, sir, if I a'nt a wife and five children—he always speaks truth."

" Yes, he has five," said the boy ; " that's why I be kept so thin, that I may get up the flues, for they be all bigger than me."

Mr. Talbot put money into the man's hand, but reproved his cruelty sternly, and commanded him to return immediately, thankful that he had escaped punishment. He hastily withdrew ; whilst Mr. Talbot, shocked by the view of want and suffering presented, endeavoured to control his sense of suffering by saying, in a gay voice to his boys, " Well ! now you have got your wish, what will you do with this Flibbertigibbet I wonder ?"

" My clothes will fit him, I am sure." said Frank.

" And my cap will do for him, and mamma will give him shirts the same as the school-boys," said his brother.

" And I," said Sally, " will give him a good washing and something to eat."

" You must do more, Sally ; keep him with

you, and make him a steady, good little boy, till we see what he is fit for," said his kind benefactor, whose sons had already ran off to secure the means of clothing the destitute boy.

Dame Simpson's share in this labour of love not only awoke her sincere compassion and good will, but her imagination also. The man from whom he had been liberated admitted that he had been stolen, and she concluded that it must have been from some very superior home: in order to try if he could quicken his recollection by the sight of a spacious house and costly furniture, he was taken into that of his patron, and shewn various articles found only in the houses of the great; but, with equal truth and simplicity, he declared, "that he had never seen any thing like it before, except when he swept chimneys at Castle Howard." No! all he could remember was, that he had a very good mother, who was dressed in black and had a baby in her arms, that there was a maid called Nelly and a garden with currants in it; also he had a soft bed and was called little Jemmy.

Even these recollections seemed well-nigh obliterated, less, perhaps, by time than hardship, for many a moving incident had he to relate of his later days; but good food, cleanliness, and kind-

ness apparently removed in turn his sorrows also ; he became the gayest and most grateful of earthly beings, and exhibited a thousand tricks and accomplishments to please his " young masters," so that his name of Flibbertigibbet was confirmed to him. He could climb trees like a squirrel, play tunes on nicker-nackers, make whistles and willow bird-cages, crow like a cock, whistle like a linnet ; and, when sent to the school Mr. Talbot provided for his own dependants in the neighbouring village, he learnt to read with such rapidity that the master was convinced he had formerly been instructed, and he said himself, " he thought that must be the case, for the letters seemed somehow like old acquaintance to his eyes."

Nor was this the only proof of early instruction he gave, for, when taught to say his prayers and taken to church, he behaved with the propriety of one accustomed to go thither. He continued to speak truth upon all occasions, and, notwithstanding the hilarity of his spirits and his love of laughing and making others laugh, he never failed to perform most punctually those light labours committed to his care. Indeed, he loved the animals around him both for their own sakes and those to whom they belonged ; and was

so desirous of proving his thankfulness that, if permitted, he would have swept the chimney of his honour, much as he detested and even dreaded the employment.

When little Flitter (as Sally called him) had been thus happily situated something more than a year, his young patrons were removed to Eton a circumstance very afflictive to him at the time and even after his sorrow was past, as young sorrows do pass, it was observed that he ceased to find pleasure in play, or to practise his former tricks and drollery, but that, at every moment he could spare, he was poring over a book and map of England lent to him by his kind schoolmaster, who said, "it would shew him where he now lived and the places he must have travelled through when he came."

The Simpsons thought it "mighty proper" that young gentlemen should learn every thing, but as to poor people troubling their heads with maps as well as books, that would never do;" and in order to divert him from this pursuit, and also to reward him for his attention to the poultry and the calves, they took him as a great treat to the summer fair at York, first shewing him the minster and other places most remarkable in that ancient and interesting city. On going to

the busy part of the town, Sally and her young charge were attracted by an exhibition like Mr. Gygell's, where a theatrical performance was about to take place, and in the meantime a young lad, very gaudily dressed, was jumping and tumbling on the platform. Here William Simpson left them, having some business, but promised to return; and here, for a time, they were very glad to stay, like the crowd around them, all of whom seemed delighted with the young performer, into whose cap abundance of half-pence and not a few sixpences were thrown.

As the tumbling went on, Sally had repeatedly heard Flitter say to himself, "I can do that;" and when she saw him step forward and address the master of the show, and afterwards step behind the curtain, she was afraid he was himself going to play over his tricks: so far from that he returned soon, and said he "would go home directly, as he had many things to do;" and although she told him a neighbour "would see to every thing," he persisted in returning—for which she was sorry, as she saw that his eyes were full of tears, and he twice returned to shake her hand and say "goodbye."

What was her surprise, her sorrow—nor less that of her husband, when they found that the

poor fellow had not only performed all his duties, and left every thing in the nicest order, but was gone, no one knew whither! On looking into his little garret they found his slate, on which was written, "Dear friends, I am going to seek my mother."

This assertion they did not exactly believe, for they had found that the acting man at the fair was leaving York that very night, and were convinced that Flitter's movements were some-way connected with his—not conceiving it possible that his love for his mother, whom he could not remember, was strong enough to tempt him away from so comfortable a home as they had provided him.

These honest people were not aware of the fact that, in proportion as the boy's health and strength had returned, his memory had been, to a certain degree, restored, though still very insufficiently for any positive purpose. He had been long brooding on the possibility of retracing his former home, when his power of obtaining money for the purpose suddenly burst upon him at York, from the success of a boy like himself as to age, and inferior in skill. All his conclusions, as arising from his recollections and his knowledge of the country, rushed upon his mind and

quicken his resolutions. He felt sure that his mother must live in some town or village near the Humber, from whence he had been inveigled on board a vessel to be made a cabin-boy, and that he had been treated with extraordinary severity, from after a time being unable to do what was required. It ran in his head that his last master said, "at the time he bought him that he was told by the former, little Jem had had a fever on board which would keep down his growth for years."

Naturally a most affectionate child, and every day perceiving, either from the children he mixed with at school or from his young masters, the happiness of having parents and relations, his heart yearned towards the distant mother and baby child still fondly recalled, and from the time when he lost the sight of those who were more especially beloved, his thoughts had been employed on the possibility of seeking for them, especially when he was induced to conclude his mother was a widow and could not fail to be rendered wretched by losing him. His first effort to free himself from tyranny had been successful—who knew but another to procure him natural relations might be equally so? It was true the journeyman had been his first prompter by

talking about justices, and now he had no prompter but his own heart, and that said very frequently his conduct was foolish and perhaps ungrateful.

Alas ! poor Flibbertigibbet soon found that he had exchanged a life of ease for one of labour, for which applause by no means repaid him, and the money for which alone he had forfeited his happiness was denied ; the contents of his cap, though exceeding that of the other boy, was seized by the owner of the show, and a scanty supper and straw bed was the reward of his exertion—which was not allowed to be made till he had travelled to the town of Leeds and was of course far from his late happy home.

It is true he was told “ that by and by he was to have a benefit ” and that “ the grown gentlemen lived on their benefits ; ” he had therefore nothing left for it but to be patient. Besides, he was so profitable that a sharp look-out was kept upon him, both by the manager and the other boy, so that he was for some time little more than a prisoner, and he could not hear of any second good justice to deliver him from thralldom ; so he went on as well as he could, tumbling and hoping, sometimes rewarded by food or pence, sometimes neglected and derided. When,

at length, he found that part of his bundle had been stolen, and that the other boy was in many respects a bad associate, he determined to part from them so soon as he could obtain a mere trifle, and, postponing his scheme of seeking home, to throw himself again on the pity of his late friends. "But never, never," said he, sobbing, "will I do one thing that shall make me afraid to look his honour in the face."

With this good resolution the poor boy continued uninjured in mind, though often sorely tempted, alike by his wants and his companions, who reproached him and ridiculed him. Unluckily they continued to go from one inland town to another, so that he remained as far as ever from the object of his pursuit: and, until they reached Sheffield, no benefit was given to him; and, although it was the best he had ever witnessed, after the deductions of the master were made, only eighteen shillings and ninepence were given to *him*.

This was, however, a large sum, and several of the company sought to ease him of it by laying wagers, or playing at various games, but James was much too wise to be thus drawn in. Having sauntered round the town early, he had seen upon the canal a vessel bound to Howden, and he knew

that from thence he could easily get into Lincolnshire : therefore he silently took his now reduced bundle, repaired to the quay, and, mingling with a body of graziers on board, happily escaped all observation, as he was at present supposed to be so happy in his acquisition that he would not think of leaving the troop.

To Hull the anxious wanderer dared not go, least his old master should spy him and reclaim him ; nor did he like to meet the observation of any person engaged with shipping, as he knew no hold could be so strong as that of a vessel, nor any tyranny so hopeless as that practised by its master : he therefore prepared to walk through the country as soon as he landed, and thought himself very happy in having an opportunity of purchasing a stock of oranges at Howden, because by the sale of them he would not only be able to maintain himself, but have a plausible reason for going into the back part of houses and gardens, —for he fancied he should recognise his mother's garden, as he used to have a part of it for his own.

Having got with his oranges a wallet, his clothes at one end and at the other his oranges, he set out, but not without casting a look of sorrow towards the Selby road, for that led towards the park where his benefactor lived.

Having, however, accomplished so much, he hoped that more would be in his power ; he rallied his spirits and tried to be manly.

When the poor boy reached Barton, remembering it only too well as the place where he had stopped with the sweep some time, he hastened to get thence into the villages which lie on the banks of the river, which he felt to be the acquaintance of his whole life. Having done so, he found his spirits sink from the loneliness of his situation, and the sense of fear, and indeed shame, which at times would steal upon him. He had, however, much pleasure at times in the kindness of the people, for they are singularly hospitable in Lincolnshire to strangers in every rank of life ; and many a slice of bread and basin of milk were freely given, and often was he permitted to share the bed of a lad like himself as he passed through the country.

Indeed, his appearance was so respectable, his face and hands being always clean, and his clothing, with the exception of his shoes, still so decent, that he conveyed no other idea to the honest people who thus received him, but that of pity for one so young who was cast on his own resources : and so well did he dispose of his merchandise, that he was frequently obliged to

apply for the renewal of his stock to the larger towns; from which circumstance he made slow progress, and saw with dismay the days shortening, and felt the cold blasts of autumn blow cheerlessly over the long flat country.

After wandering thus for many weeks, and reaching as high as Spalding, he determined to retrace his steps, as the impression was still more strong than ever upon his mind that he was in the right direction, the dialect appeared so familiar to his ears. On re-entering the town of Grimsby weary and foot-sore, he determined, as evening was drawing on, to seek his former lodging, and not attempt selling his fruit till the following morning.

He was just about to replace an orange in his wallet when a sweet voice called out to him, and the face of a beautiful little girl was seen to peep over the half-door of a very poor cottage, who said, "Please to give little Sally that pretty thing!"

The boy looked wistfully at the fair round face and curly head, and thought he had never seen any thing so pretty in all his travels; and weary as he had felt but just before, he thought he could have gazed for an hour upon it. No person came near the door; but the child earnestly

er reiterated her request, and James, stepping up to
ow her, gave her the orange: in doing so he perceived
n- she was better dressed than might have been ex-
er- pected, but it was her beauty and confidence that
nd had won him, together with her name of Sally—
to “for surely that was one he ought to love.”

re “Yes!” said he to himself, “Sally is a sweet
in name to me; and now my face is set towards that
ar Sally who was always good to me, I will return to
y- her, for I am undoubtedly wandering h in vain.”

g Full of this resolution, in the morning he
d counted his oranges, considered the possibility of
g paying for a passage to Snaith or Selby, and
is made himself as respectable as he could in ap-
d pearance, before he sallied forth to sell, as he
p now hoped, his last cargo. Scarcely had he set
o forward, when a voice behind him cried out,
“That’s the good boy! that’s him, mother!”

Our orange boy naturally turned his head, for
it was the voice of his little friend of last night;
she had hold of the hand of a lady, who quick-
ened her steps to get up to him.

“I believe, my good boy, you gave (not *sold*)
my little girl an orange last night; I must buy
her a few more, and pay for that also.”

“Not *that*,” said the boy, blushing, as he offered
her some of the finest.

The lady was not difficult to please: when choosing her oranges, it struck her that giving the boy a breakfast would be her best way of rewarding his civility, and, having paid him, she asked him to return to her house,—“It was but a step from thence,” she observed.

James carried the oranges after her, and entering she went forward with him into the kitchen, which was at the back of her parlour. On getting thither, the boy looked through the window, and instantly shrunk back, exclaiming, “Oh, dear! how strange I feel!”

The lady, seeing him turn very pale, asked him if he were well; to which he answered so sensibly, as if to account for his indisposition, that she inquired how old he was.

“I wish I knew, madam, but indeed I do not.”

“You are a fatherless child, I fear?”

“I think I am, but God only knows! I was stolen from my mother, which is all I know myself.”

“Stolen!” cried the lady; “stolen! where? Speak, child! do you know your name?”

“Oh, no! I wish I did. I only know I was called ‘little Jemmy!’”

The lady could not speak—she was on the point of fainting; and the maid, coming to her assistance,

ance, said, " Tell missis all you know, my boy, but be sure you tell truth."

" I have nothing to tell besides, except that we had a maid Nelly, and there was a little baby, and a garden very like this of yours."

The girl shouted aloud, " O, it's all right ! it was my sister Nelly that is married ; little miss was at her house last night when you seed her,—but missis will faint away,—what shall I do ? what shall I do ?"

Her mistress did not faint ; she burst into tears—she sank upon her knees—she tried to utter thanks to God—she held out her arms to her son—she called him " her darling, her comfort, her long-lost James."

Had he then indeed found his mother ? were his wishes fulfilled, his hopes realised ? alas ! the poor boy could not believe it ; far different and inferior as her situation was to the only lady he had ever known, yet she was surely too grand to be his mother ; the mother of a sweep, of a boy that tumbled at fairs—that hawked oranges through the country !

But Nelly now entered—gazed at him, and declared, " she should know him among a thousand ;—besides, was he not the picture of his sister, and the very model of his own father's picture ?"

As she spoke, the honest woman's voice, nay, her prominent teeth, were all for him, and, rushing to his mother's arms, "Oh, yes! I see it all; I am your son! not wandered so long for nothing."

But who can tell how much explanation given—what caresses were lavished? describe the emotions of a fond mother's heart for four long years had numbered her the dead.

We need not say that when Flibbert again made his appearance at E. Park, on the day of Mr. Talbot's return thither, he was accompanied by his grateful mother; who she could have been eloquent in thanking she only proved so in tears. It was a question whether old Sally Simpson or young Sally, his sister, was the happier person; or whether James or his young patrons were the more. Enough to say, that our wanderer has at last an approving patron in the gentleman who rescued him from want, cruelty, and grave.



NEW YORK
FEB 11 1947
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a table of contents or a list of references. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a standard font. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right.

The second part of the document is a large, dense block of text, which appears to be a letter or a report. The text is written in a cursive script and is organized into several paragraphs. The first paragraph is the longest and contains the most information. The subsequent paragraphs are shorter and appear to be continuations of the first paragraph. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and the overall layout is well-organized.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Go, Florence, get me wild flowers ;
My little merry Florence, do.
Run all about—see here and there,
In field and wood, and every where,
They spring up white and blue.

White and blue, and red and yellow,
Round about our pathway shine ;
Every where beneath our feet
Spring up wild-flowers fresh and sweet,
To gladden hearts like thine.

But e'en now the earth was cold,
Brown and bare as it could be ;
Not an orchis to be seen,
Not a hooded arum green,
Not a ficary.

But e'en now the primroses,
Each one like a shining star,
King-cups, like to flowers of gold
Carved on drinking-cups of old,
Were not—now they are.

Could the wealth of London town
Have been given three months ago,
To call these thousand wild-flowers forth,
And o'er the bosom of the earth
To cast his glorious show,—

It had been vain : they were not then.
Look all around and see them now,—
In wood and waste, on hill and plain,
On the green bank of every lane,
On every hanging bough.

The wind-flower waveth in the grass,
The blue-bell noddeth 'neath the trees,
The ancient leafy sycamore,
The older oak is quivering o'er,
With yellow racimes.

Look round ! a brown and husked seed,
A berry, or a kernelled stone—
A small and worthless thing to see—
Contains a flower, enfolds a tree,
And hence all these have grown.

Look round ! the sunshine and the air,
The water-brooks that softly glide,
The mother-earth that keeps and warms,
Soft falling dews, careering storms,
Have nourishment supplied.

Oh, gracious handiworks of God !

And thus is clothed the barren wild,
With flowers so odorous and so fair,
That spring so numerous every where,
To please a little child.

Go, Florence, get me wild-flowers ;

Go gather of the flowers thy fill,—
The blue-bell and the orchis red,
The boughs of wilding over-head,
The broom from off the hill.

For looking on a little flower,

A blessed truth shall reach thy heart,
A glimpse of that divinest plan—
That bond of love 'twixt God and man—
In which e'en thou hast part.

PAPA'S LETTER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"A LETTER from papa! a *real letter*, paper and ink and all! A *real* letter from dear papa in England, to his little ones at Philadelphia!"—The incident I am about to relate, I should inform my little readers, took place in Philadelphia.—"What a treat!—how happy we all are! nothing in the world *could* make us more happy."

"Yes, Ellen," replied the eldest girl, "there is something would make us more happy."

"More happy!" repeated Ellen.

"Yes, more happy—papa himself. Only fancy how happy and how grateful to God we shall be when he returns."

"I wonder what he will bring me from London," said Robert, who being the boy, and the only boy of the family, was, I fear, somewhat selfish.

Emily, the eldest daughter, smiled and replied, "You may be sure papa will bring to us whatever will be most useful for each to possess; above all, he will bring back that affection which, while it protects, guides and blesses us. I do pray

for his return," she added, fervently ; and then, lowering her voice, continued, " and I pray that it may be quickly, when I see how ill and pale mamma looks."

" I do not think mamma looks ill," said little Ellen, stealing up to her sister and placing her rosy lips close to her ear ; " I do not think mamma looks ill—see how pink her cheek is now, and how her eyes brighten while she reads papa's letter." Emily sighed heavily, and Ellen crept to her mother, and nestling her head in her lap, and twining her arm round the thin wrist which rested on Mrs. Allan's knee, waited with much patience till she had finished.

" Now tell me all papa says," exclaimed the little girl, joyfully, " tell me every word." Mrs. Allan folded Ellen to her bosom, and, while she pressed her lips on her fair brow, Ellen felt one or two tears fall upon her cheek : her little heart saddened, and she whispered, " Are you ill, mamma?" Mrs. Allan made no reply. " Is papa ill, mamma?" " No, dearest," answered her mother, " thank God, he is well and happy ! —as happy as he can be away from his family. He has already bought for you, Robert, a most beautiful lathe, and all the tools you desired for your workshop."

Robert jumped up in ecstasy. "Oh, how happy I am! nothing shall ever make me unhappy when once papa comes home."

"For you, Emily, he has purchased a piano, and pencils, and books, far superior to any that can as yet be procured here."

Emily's quick eye brightened, and she said, "How very grateful I am for his remembering me, when he had so many, many things to think of!"

"But you, Emily, knowing something of the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of human wishes, do not, I hope, go so far as dear Robert, and say that nothing shall ever make you unhappy when papa comes home?"

While Mrs. Allan pronounced these words, she looked seriously at her daughter: Emily perfectly understood her, and her colour deepened; she felt a sensation of suffocation in her throat, and, unable to restrain her feelings, hid her face in her mother's bosom, and wept bitterly. Robert looked sad and serious, and Ellen cried outright, from sweet childish sympathy, because her sister was so full of sorrow.

"My dearest Emmy," said Mrs. Allan, "I expected more fortitude from you. I see you understand, that, from your dear papa's protracted absence, the probability is that when he returns

you will have no mother. You, my beloved children, being constantly with me, are not sensible of the decay by which it has pleased God to warn me of approaching death ; but I feel it. I have prayed to the Almighty fervently in the night-time, and in the early morning's watch, that I might be spared a little, little longer—at least until *his* return : but it is in vain ; it is not God's will that I look upon my husband again in this world. And his will be done ! Emily, my first dear child, say with me, ' His will be done ! ' My Robert, you must not look so resolute, even while the tears are running down your cheeks ; bend your own inclinations to the mandate of the Lord, and say, ' His will be done ! ' It is an early trial, but it will be sanctified to your good ; it will teach you the vanity of human wishes, and I pray that it may make you all more and more united : Emily is old enough——" but poor Mrs. Allan's feelings had exhausted her strength, and she fainted on her daughter's shoulder. Robert and Ellen began to scream and wring their hands ; but Emily entreated them to be calm, and, in humble imitation of that mother whom she so tenderly loved, and whose fortitude she endeavoured to possess, she procured the necessary restoratives and laid her on a couch. It was a

beautiful trait in Emily's character, the steadiness with which she laboured to attain the most useful acquirement in the world, a command over self. How many persons have I seen actually useless members of society, from a want of what is called presence of mind; how many girls will stand still and scream, instead of rendering assistance; how many will shrink from the sight of a wound, instead of endeavouring to bind it up, and so relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures !

Women would do well to remember—nor can the truth be impressed upon them at too early an age—that all the brilliant accomplishments, all the solid information, all the learning in the world, are nothing worth, in comparison to a patient and cheerful temper, and an affection for, and perseverance in, the moral and domestic duties of life. Home ought to be the temple of a virtuous female: she may leave it occasionally, and be happy amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of the world; but let her, like the bee, gather honey from them all, and let that honey be reserved for her own dwelling, be it a palace or a cottage. No one felt and acted upon this principle more than Mrs. Allan; and neither the precept nor the example was lost upon Emily. It was really ex-

traordinary to see the patience and the wisdom of a girl who had just entered her fourteenth year ; how she watched by her mother's sick-bed ; how she checked her brother's selfishness, and directed Ellen's ardent temper ; so that, instead of being a torment, she became a blessing to all around her : and, above all, to observe the command she obtained over self,—how she learnt to restrain her tears when her mother spoke of dying ; how she bent her own desires to the will of the Almighty ; and how truly and fervently she said and felt, in the morning and the evening, at midnight and mid-day, “ Thy will be done ! ”

Her mother continued growing worse and worse ; and at last endured so much pain that the physician began to doubt that her complaint was consumption : he was not by any means wedded to his own opinion, and suggested the propriety of having additional advice. In the meantime letters again arrived from England, and one in particular to Emily from her father, directing who it was he wished to be consulted, and conjuring her to watch over her mother till his return, which would be immediate.

When the “ new doctor,” as little Ellen called him, arrived, he said at once that the physician had been at first mistaken, but now was in the

right,—that the complaint was not consumption,—and that Mrs. Allan might yet be restored to her family if she would submit to an operation: this the poor sufferer immediately consented to, but added, that as Mr. Allan was about to return so much sooner than she had dared to expect, she would wait for his arrival. “I should not,” she added, “have strength to support it if not attended by some relative, some one whose hand I might grasp and feel that a relative was with me.”

“Mamma!” exclaimed Emily, “dear mamma, do not put it off; delay will only confirm this horrid disease—trust to me, I will stay with you, I will hold your hand, I will neither scream nor faint—trust me, I have seen you practise fortitude too frequently not to know its advantage.”

The new doctor was a tall, thin, pale Frenchman, not quite so polite as Frenchmen are in general, and a little sarcastic. “*Ma foi ! mademoiselle,*” he said, “you are very heroic; why, let me see, you cannot be twelve years old, and yet you talk of being present at an operation which I would hardly suffer my junior pupils to attend!”

“I am fourteen, sir,” replied the little maid, drawing herself up to her full height; “I have

had five teeth drawn without screaming ; I have nursed my brother through the whooping-cough, and my sister in the measles." She paused, and her colour rose, and her voice faltered. " I have attended my mother for several months nearly night and day, when I feared—believed—that God would take her from us, that my father would return to a desolate home ! and now, when a chance, a blessed chance, a more than chance presents itself, do you think, sir, that, because I am so very little of my age, I cannot have strength and firmness ?" Again she paused, astonished at her own boldness, and not much relieved by the doctor's patting her head, and then placing his hand under her chin so as to turn upwards her blushing face, saying, " Well, my little maid, we shall see ; the first part of your proposition is wise,—no time can be lost, no time must be lost ; to-morrow I will see Mrs. Allan ; she will not, for the sake of such dear ties, trifle with her life." Soon afterwards he left the chamber.

Now, every body in the world knows that no young lady in her teens likes to be patted on the head. I have seen little girls of twelve turn up their noses at it, but to " miss in her teens," it savours somewhat of an insult : whether Emily

Allan did or did not so look upon it, I cannot pretend to say ; but this I know, that before the " new doctor " descended to the hall, a light small hand rested on his arm, and soft blue eyes were uplifted to his countenance.

" Doctor, can I do any thing to convince you that my fortitude, if you trust me to-morrow, will not fail ? " inquired Emily.

" My dear, you are really a very surprising little person, but I would not trust one of my junior pupils to attend a patient under such circumstances, lest he might shrink or tremble, and so lead the patient to suppose the danger was imminent, when perhaps it was over."

" Sir," she persisted, " I know mamma well, and I know that if I were with her, her desire to set me an example of fortitude would conquer her feelings of pain, and enable her to support her sufferings better ; and I also know that her tenderness for my feelings will prompt her to wish me away, though you can imagine how, as she is far from her own relatives, she would naturally desire to have, as she said, some support in her hour of trial." The doctor looked astonished. " Put my resolution, sir, to any test you please : draw one, two, or three teeth—I will

not flinch, they will grow again; I would part with this arm if you would let me hold mamma's hands to-morrow!"

"You are so earnest, so affectionate, *ma petite*," replied the gentleman, "that, though I have no inclination to draw your teeth, I would trust you; but it was only last week that one of my pupils got so nervous, while assisting me in an operation upon a woman, that she was near losing her life from his inability to perform his duty."

"Sir," exclaimed Emily, seizing his hand, "she was not his mother!" The worthy man was touched, for he said, "Go, you are a good child, a very good child; you must know my Madelaine: if it be possible, your mother shall be saved. I think you may be trusted."

"Shall I tell mamma so, sir?" "You may, but mind I am not quite certain; do not say what I have not said—do not add to it." "I have been taught, sir, that an exaggeration is only a shabby untruth," replied Emily. "We will pray for strength; and, dear, dear sir, I am sure, if you agree, you will not repent having granted my request."

"That is a very extraordinary little girl,"

said the new doctor to the physician who had previously attended Mrs. Allan.

"She is, indeed; her mother has so well inculcated the benefits arising from self-possession, that I have been astonished at the fortitude she so systematically practises. She is worthy, in that respect, to be a descendant of the red Indians."

"O! exclaimed the Frenchman, taking a huge pinch of snuff,"—"O! we shall see!"

* * * * *

Have any of my young friends seen a dear and tender parent on the edge—the very brink of the grave?—have they watched day by day her hand grow more thin, her cheek more pale?—have they heard the blessed words of comfort from her lips?—have they observed how she clings to them with all a mother's tenderness; and yet, firmly believing in the wisdom of her Father, her heavenly Father, who gives her strength to support her sufferings, commits them to his protecting care, in full reliance on his mercy?—have they ever gathered for her sweet flowers, and then thought that, even as the perfume and beauty was departing from those flowers, was she whom they loved fading from the earth? Have they experienced all this, and

then; when they believed that the time was at hand, and that nothing short of a miracle could save her from the grave, has hope suddenly burst upon them—have they heard the blessed sound,—“She may yet live!”—can they remember the sensations *that* sound created?

If they cannot, imagination can hardly portray what Mr. Allan's children experienced, when the new doctor, and their old friend and physician, closely followed by Emily, entered Mrs. Allan's room the next morning. I will not harrow up either my reader's feelings, or my own, by details of the two hours' agony.

Suffice it, that Emily was so far mistress of herself as to be declared the best girl in Philadelphia. From the position in which she was placed, she could only see her mother's face, which she bathed with strong perfumes, and watched every varying tint with so much judgment, that to see her child's calmness sustained Mrs. Allan through the whole. When it was all over, when the assurance came upon her that there was every probability of her beloved parent's recovery, when her aid was no longer necessary, when, through the influence of a powerful narcotic, that dear mother had fallen into a heavy sleep, the French doctor, who for

many hours never left the room, carried the little heroine in a complete state of exhaustion to her chamber, where Ellen, with her face buried in cushions, was praying on her knees for dear mamma; and sturdy Robert, his lips white and trembling, was really unable to ask how his mother was.

When Emily recovered, what think you she saw on a chair by her bedside? "A letter from papa?" No—you little pale girl, guess: "A present from papa?" No—guess, Miss Rosylips, again.—Well, I am sure that sage little maid in the corner will surely make it out; can you tell? "No, ma'am." Then you all give it up? It was PAPA HIMSELF! what think you of *that* as a surprise?

"I can assure you, sir," said the French doctor to Mr. Allan, "if that young lady was a young gentleman, he ought to be brought up to be a physician; I wish you joy, sir, of your children!"

The thanksgiving in that house was great! "And now," said Robert, "I may be happy; but I have seen so much sorrow that I will never build too much on any thing."

"Except the goodness of God," interrupted Emily; "and, indeed, we can never build too

much on that; for, whether in joy or sorrow, it is never failing."

"You are always wise, Emily," said Ellen.

"No," she replied. My heart is so full that I could weep and dance, and all for joy—pure, pure joy. Do you know that in less than a week, our new doctor says, mamma will be able to listen to the tone of my piano?"

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG

TO THE YOUNG COTTAGER.

By SARAH STICKNEY.

SWEET child of innocence, mild as the morning,
Still be the bloom on thy beautiful cheek,
Brighter than sunbeams the high hills adorning,
Softer than moonlight on mountain and peak.

I come from the greenwood where violets are
blowing,
I come from the fountain that flows through
the vale,
I come from the hills where the wild flowers are
growing,
Down to thy cottage, to tell thee my tale.

Listen ! O listen ! my tale is of sorrow ;
And thou, gentle child, hast a tear in thine eye :
Think, if thy home should be plundered to-morrow,
Where, through the wilderness, then, wouldst
thou fly ?

Mine was a home 'mid green leaves and flowers,
Sweet-scented blossoms hung high over head ;
Here have I warbled in evening's sweet hours,
Here have I slumbered when daylight has fled.

Kind was the mate that I sung to and cherished,
Soft were the nestlings we brooded and fed ;
Nestlings and mate are all captive or perished ;
Who shall the lonely one sing to instead ?

'T was not the kite. No, our foe was another,
One who both wiser and kinder should be ;
Fair was his face, and his cheek, as thy brother ;
Yet surely he could not be brother to thee.

Oh ! say, if he be, how the blackbird is grieving ;
Tell him the pitiful strain thou hast heard ;
And surely his bosom will melt, while believing
That sorrow may come to a poor little bird.

Adieu ! then, sweet cottager, mild as the morning ;
Still be the bloom on thy beautiful cheek,
Brighter than sunbeams the high hills adorning,
Softer than moonlight on mountain and peak.

Come to the greenwood, and we will not harm
thee ;

Gather our primroses, drink of our dew ;
Songs that are sweetest will warble and charm
thee ;

Sweet child of innocence, once more adieu !

THE LITTLE LAMB.

By A LITTLE CHILD.

“ LITTLE lamb, little lamb,
Will you leave your old dam,
To play all the day by my nursery fire ?
You shall have bread and milk,
And a cushion of silk,
And a cradle as soft as a lamb can desire.”

“ No, no, little child,
I had rather run wild,
And play all the day by the side of my dam :
We love one another,
Like you and your mother,
And *she'd* cry all the day for the loss of *her* lamb.”

CHILDREN SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

BY A SWISS LADY.

"I WISH, my dear Mademoiselle, you would tell me how children contrive to amuse themselves in Switzerland during the winter. The weather, you say, is so cold, and there is so much snow, that they must surely be very dull."

"They certainly would be dull," I replied, "if, as you fancy, they remained always at home; but such is not the case. They are, from their birth, accustomed to the weather, and consequently do not feel its severity as you would. Winter, far from being to them a tedious season, is one of great amusement, and always looked forward to with pleasure. Their great delight is in skating on the ice or sliding on the snow. I have seldom seen more happy faces together than those of the children of a village assembled at the top of a mount of about a quarter of a mile in its descent. Can you picture to yourself such a place behind an old castle, which, by the way, is said to have existed in the days of Julius

Cæsar? It is a beautiful spot, and I have often spent delightful hours there. The noble avenue of horse-chestnut trees, the old castle with its tottering towers, the lovely Reuse rolling its clear waters almost at the foot of the little hill beyond the numberless villages, and in the distance the magnificent Alps!

“Fancy, then, twenty or thirty boys and girls together at the top of the mount. The ground is covered by at least two feet of snow, frozen and hard. Each of the candidates for pleasure has a little chair formed of three planks, two standing parallel, and the third across the others; it is not more than three quarters of a foot in height, and of just sufficient breadth to allow one person to sit on it. At the bottom of the sides of the ‘glisse,’ as it is commonly called, there is a band of iron; such as you have seen in sledges or skates. A kind of path has been beaten in the snow, and now, you sit down on your glisse; where the ground begins to incline, you stretch your legs that they may not impede your way, holding a cord in your hand which is tied to the glisse, and answers the purpose of reins; a kind friend gives you a push, and away you go at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The most expert overtakes you, with one foot pushes you aside, and

sends you rolling in the snow, while he pursues his course laughing and singing, till one still more expert than he is sends him on the same errand. Others race together, and you may conceive the joy of the winner. The fresh, pure, cold air gives to all a ruddy look of health; while their exertions keep the cold away, and you often hear them exclaim, 'How hot it is!' But there is no rose without thorns, nor any pleasure without its trouble; so you find when you are at the bottom of the hill, that you must walk up again, and drag your glisse after you; the snow is slippery, and you often make a *faux pas*, which is instantly followed by the laughter of all the little band. It is a healthy exercise, and not dangerous, the snow seldom being hard enough to hurt you when you fall in it. The place I have described is the favourite spot of the children of the small town of Boudry, in the canton of Neuchatel. Boudry is not more than two miles from the foot of the Jura. In summer all the children flock to its woods to gather strawberries and raspberries, which grow wild there in luxuriant profusion.

"I remember to have seen there one of the prettiest fêtes you can well imagine. It is now many years ago. It had been settled two months

previous to the end of the year, that a great pageant should take place on new year's day, in which should be exhibited the different professions or trades exercised by the people. The vintage had been abundant that year, and, therefore, they elected Bacchus for the divinity of the fête. But now for the plan of the pageant. There was to be a car of at least a quarter of a mile in length. This car was to be ornamented with evergreens,—not merely ornamented but entirely covered, so that it might appear a moving parterre. The whole *length* of the car was divided into fifteen divisions, in each of which an arbour of evergreens was erected, so that they formed separate rooms all of an equal size except the middle one, which was much larger and much more ornamented than the others.

“Now I am sure you will not think that too much time was taken to arrange the whole of this fête. It was pleasant to see with what care the children of the neighbouring villages nursed the few flowers which an uncommonly mild winter had spared, to the end that they might have a bouquet on the day of the much-wished-for fête, or, if they had more than they wanted, to give them to adorn the car;—how

those who were fortunate enough to possess a monthly-rose tree nursed it: the best place near the stove was for the beautiful and delicate tree. And the dresses, what fuss there was about them! But the great anxiety of all was on account of the weather; you may be sure the almanacks were consulted every day. The first question asked was, 'Do you think this fine weather will last? O, if the new year could but be ushered in by such a day as this! The Alps look very clear and distinct, and you know that's a sure sign that the weather is fixed for fine,' &c. &c.

"At last the time approached,—it was already Christmas day. The evergreens were seen pouring in from the Jura, where men had been sent to cut them; the car was put into a long flat field just outside the town, and the work advanced; all the ribands that could be gathered were collected. Now there were but a few days, and the weather was so good as to be just what one could have wished. The dresses were also ready; all went on beautifully till the last day when, to the horror of all, young and old, the atmosphere presented a dense mass of heavy clouds, which, in a very short time, poured their contents in the shape of snow, in torrents

upon the devoted village. Now, adieu to tomorrow's fête. O dear ! O dear ! if the weather had but continued fine for a few days longer, only two days more, after that it might have snowed for ever without any one caring a fig about the matter. Then the barometer was consulted every minute ; shocking to tell, the barometer instead of ascending went lower and lower. However, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, a slight change was perceptible, not only in the atmosphere, but in the barometer, which began to ascend ; and, though the snow continued to pour in, yet it was a consolation that it was a little abated, and hope began to revive. When it began to snow, large sheets had been spread over the car, luckily the flowers had been kept to the last, and were only to be arranged early in the morning. Towards evening the snow ceased to fall, the wind swept the clouds rapidly away, and just before night-fall, a patch of blue sky had been seen ; and, before nine o'clock came, the children had the satisfaction to see the sky studded with innumerable stars, and feel that a sharp frost had set in, and the wind still continued due west, and, therefore, would not snow on the morrow. How delightful ! with these acclamations of delight, the happy creatures

ent to bed. At last the day appeared, and a glorious day it was, not a cloud to be seen, the air fresh, and the sun rising in tranquil majesty behind the Alps, whose tops were tinged with the rays of the rising sun, which gave them the hues of the rainbow; then the sun like a globe of fire shewed itself entire, and spread its glorious rays all over the country. I do not remember ever having seen any thing so beautiful. The snow during the night had been frozen so hard, that you might fancy yourselves walking upon the purest marble. The last finish had been given to the car, every thing necessary had been put in it; and now you might see farmers, with all their oxen, arriving from every quarter for the car was to be dragged by these animals); and how many pair do you think were employed on this occasion? No less than two hundred and fifty!—Yes, you may well be surprised, but such was the number. All the surrounding villages had been informed of what was going on, and were anxious to see it. The town was completely crammed, and there were not windows sufficient to admit of the eager heads that were languishing to get a peep. I know I was almost suffocated by the pressure and the squeezing. At last we saw a string of oxen

coming up the town. I stretched my neck to see what came after, and I could see not only oxen and their drivers : the latter were in their best, with an artificial rose in the middle of their ribbands of different colours, with long ribbons, tied to their right arms ; a wide-brimmed straw hat, also garnished with flowers, completed their costume. I had not been forgotten, and flowers and also ornamented their heads. I never remembering so out of patience as I was when oxen after oxen passed with their slow step. Oh, thought I, if I could but infuse spirit into those dull animals ! never remembering that, if they had gone at the smallest wish, in all probability they would have upset all the preparations. It was not an hour, if not more, before the car arrived, at last we were rewarded for our patience. The first arbour represented a printing-press, the printers were hard at work, though I saw a sly smile on the lips of the young men. A grown-up person was in every arbour to prevent the children from getting out of order. We also heard music at a distance, it proceeded from the temple of the gods. I must describe each in its turn. In

hour we saw a set of tailors working hard, and
 ghing, exhibiting coats, &c. I now was fully
 isfied that the oxen went at a wise pace: had
 y gone quickly, the spectators would not have
 n half the sight. Then came a milliner's
 op: what pretty bonnets and caps were ex-
 cited there!—Then a dress-maker's. An inn,
 th all the bustle that there is generally in such
 place. Now a shop of artificial flowers sold

little fairies, who looked more lovely than
 air flowers. After them came shoemakers.
 last we obtained a full view of the centre
 our, it was spacious and beautifully set out,
 t gaudy, though there was enough to make it
 if it had not been arranged with good taste.
 t a heap of moss in the middle of the arbour
 ne new barrel was laid, and one of the prettiest
 ldren I have ever seen was sitting on it,
 lding a silver cup in one hand, and a thyrsus
 the other. His head was crowned by a chaplet
 roses and ivy. You never saw a happier face
 n that child's. A band was stationed at the
 k of the arbour, and in front a dozen children,
 lding each other by the hand, formed a choir.
 e had heard the music at a distance, and,
 refore, were not sorry when the band stopped
 allow the children to sing. In fancy, I still

hear those sweet and innocent voices. The song was very pretty, but I do not remember the words now; they were in praise of Spring, and set to a very beautiful Swiss air. The burden of the song is the only thing I recollect of it; it was this: 'Violette! violette! reviens dans nos hameaux.'* Next came a glover; you know that the best gloves we wear now come from Fleurier, a village of Switzerland. Then came a weaver; and, if he had worked hard, the noise of his loom would not have been a very good accompaniment to the music. Next came the carpenter; some little girls were employed in gathering some shavings, &c. After came a basket-maker, and the baskets were all beautiful. The two last arbours contained a baker and a butcher. Now, do not you think that the oxen, though there were so many of them, had something to do to drag all this number of persons and things? When the car had passed our town, it was taken to two other small villages near; and at six o'clock, the oxen were unyoked, and all the children and their parents flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, where all sorts of refreshments had been prepared.

* Violet! violet! return to our hamlets.

The evening ended in a ball. Every thing had gone off in the most delightful manner! The weather had been fine; the children good; and I never heard, afterwards, any one complain of any thing that happened on that day; there were no "Ifs" or "Buts"—every body was satisfied.

"You see, my dear, that the children of Switzerland are not without their amusements in winter, and that the cold weather is no interrupter of pleasure. God has so wisely ordered all things, that there is not a country which does not possess advantages to counterbalance its disadvantages; and it is seldom that you will see any human being prefer another country to his own; and who is not convinced that his native land is by far superior to every other.

"And now, good night, my dearest; and never forget to thank God in your prayers, for the many blessings which, I am sure, you value doubly, because of the power you possess of sharing them with others!"

THE LESSON.

By L. E. L.

COME, dearest, to your lesson,
 You have so much to say,
 One, two, three, four, five letters,
 Before you go to play.

There is "A" that stands for apple,
 You know our own old tree,
 It is covered now with blossoms
 That shew where fruit will be.

There's "B" that stands for butterfly,
 But yesterday we caught
 One whose wings with brown and crimson
 And specks of gold were wrought.

There is "C" that stands for cowslip;
 When you have said them all
 We will go into the meadow,
 And make a cowslip ball.

There's "D" that stands for darling;
The prettiest in the row:
Who is his mother's darling—
Who is he—do you know?

You say you'll be a sailor:
How sorry you would be
Not to read your mother's letters,
When far away at sea.

Ah! I see you'll be a scholar;
You've said them rightly o'er:
There's a good child—and to-morrow
You are to learn some more.

Come now into the garden,
To the fruit and flowers away;
So well you've said your lesson,
That you deserve to play.

HOLY GROUND.

By MRS. ABDY.

“ And the Lord said to Moses, Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”—Exod. iii. 5.

“ MOTHER ! when near the bush of fire
 Moses aspired to stand,
 I grieve to think he should require
 Those words of just command ;
 Methinks *my* bosom would have beat
 With awe and fear profound ;
I had not dared with covered feet
 To tread on Holy Ground ! ”

“ Alas ! my child, from erring pride,
 Your hasty comment springs ;
 Would that your actions testified
 More awe of sacred things :
 Though, in your daily walks and ways,
 No burning bush is found,
 Your rebel heart its bent displays
 Too oft on Holy Ground.

“ When on the sabbath-day of rest,
 In each revolving week,
 You hasten as a youthful guest
 God’s earthly house to seek :
 Do thankful feelings of his grace
 In your young heart abound,
 And do you prize his dwelling-place,
 And count it Holy Ground !

“ Do you with fixed attention hear
 Those preachers of the word,
 Who bring to every willing ear
 Glad tidings from the Lord ?
 No—oft with gestures light and vain
 You idly gaze around ;
 Your heart denies, your looks profane
 Your Maker’s Holy Ground.

“ Oh ! as a boon of love divine
 Was public worship given ;
 A quenchless light it seems to shine,
 Supplied with fire from heaven :
 The Lord has left us not—he still
 May in his courts be found.
 Dear boy ! those courts rejoice to fill,
 And deem them Holy Ground.”

A GHOST STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRIVATE LIFE," &c.

Mrs. NORTON, with her two children, had staid later at the vicarage than usual, looking over a fine collection of engravings which the vicar's son had sent home from London ; when, suddenly recollecting the hour of the night, she snatched up her work-bag, and, bidding her friends a hasty good night, set off with George and Ellen to cross the churchyard which lay between the vicarage and their own house. The moon was shining full and bright upon the long grass and the white grave-stones ; and the shadow on the north side of the church looked so deep and dark, that Ellen grasped her mother's hand, and thought how pleasant it was that their path did not lead them round that way.

The party had not proceeded many yards before Mrs. Norton recollected that they had forgotten to take away the large portfolio, which the vicar had kindly offered to lend them, in order that they might see the engravings by

day-light; and she seated herself upon a stone slab, raised above the tomb of a shipwrecked mariner, while her children ran back to the house. They soon appeared again, bringing the large portfolio between them, and having laid upon it their mother's green cloak, which in her haste she had left behind; it struck Mrs. Norton how very much their appearance resembled that of two persons carrying a bier with a dead body stretched upon it, and she thought how many foolish fears and strange superstitions had probably arisen from circumstances quite as simple and natural as this.

The portfolio was very heavy, and the children had carried it so awkwardly as to make the most of the weight, so that by the time they reached the tomb where their mother was seated, they felt disposed to rest themselves; and George, thinking he could carry it more easily alone, set it up edgewise on the slab of the tomb. While he was endeavouring to adjust it under his arm, he bungled so that the great portfolio fell flat down upon the stone with a noise which, in that still place, and at that late hour, sounded very loud and startling. At last, however, he managed to place his burden more conveniently, and marched away with it, Ellen

walking close by his side to assist in case of accident; while Mrs. Norton, who, being dressed in white muslin, had felt rather cold while sitting on the grave, threw her cloak over her shoulders, wrapped it closely round her, and followed her children home.

Shortly after this visit to the vicarage, Ellen seemed to lose all relish for going there in an evening, an indulgence of which she used once to be so fond; and George, though for some time annoyed by his sister's anxiety to leave early, at last seemed to feel exactly as she did about it: while Mrs. Norton was quite at a loss to understand the change which had taken place in her children's tastes; for the difficulty with her had formerly been how to get them away in any reasonable time. In vain she questioned them about the reason of this change. They only looked at each other, as if they both knew very well, but were unwilling to explain it.

It happened, at the following Christmas, that Mrs. Norton had invited a large party of young people to stay with her; and, finding that they were all extremely fond of spending their evenings in telling foolish stories about ghosts, though some of them suffered so much from it that they were afraid to go up-stairs alone, she determined

to introduce a conversation that might convince them of the absurdity of indulging such notions. Her daughter Ellen, however, appeared to be quite fortified against all her reasoning, and asked her mother plainly if she meant to declare that there were no such things as ghosts.

"I am not so presumptuous," replied Mrs. Norton, "as to pronounce what may or may not be possible, in a creation where I see so much that I am too ignorant to understand; but if by ghosts you mean those strong figures, sometimes white and sometimes black, which are said by young people to have been seen by their nurses and grandmothers, I must own that I do not believe in them, because I never yet heard a description of any such appearance, and that I did not feel convinced it might easily have been accounted for by natural means. But if you, or any of your young friends, will relate to me a ghost story which can, in any such way be accounted for, I will engage to lay aside my incredulity, and be made a convert to your belief."

Ellen looked very much pleased to hear her mother say this, and many expressive glances were exchanged amongst the deeply interested group, who appeared to have their minds charged

with some very weighty matter. At last movements were made indicating the wish of the party that Ellen should speak for them, and without any doubt that her mother would, in the end, be compelled to believe. Ellen began, first requiring that she should be heard in silence till her story was concluded, to which her mother willingly consented.

“ It was during the last illness of poor Isabel Grey,” said Ellen (after taking a conspicuous place in front of the fire, and in the very centre of the listening circle), “ when nurse Witherington had been waiting upon her many weeks, that her sister, the miller’s wife, was called in, everybody thinking she must be near her death. Her breathing grew worse and worse, and she wandered very much in her mind, often talking about her brother who was shipwrecked; and pointing with her long thin finger towards the window, as they thought, in the direction for his grave, which stands next to the narrow path, and has a broad slab upon it. Well, it was one night, after she had been rambling in this way, that she fell into a kind of uneasy sleep, and nurse Witherington and the miller’s wife sat watching her a long time, until one of them happening to turn to the window, and seeing it

was a fine clear moonlight night, they both rose up silently, and looked out upon the churchyard. Poor Isabel Grey still continued sleeping very uneasily, starting, and sometimes moaning as if she was in her last agony; but they were glad that she slept at all, and, therefore, did not disturb her, but stood quite still, looking out of the window for a long time. Nurse thinks it was just midnight, but the miller's wife says it was only eleven o'clock; however that may be, they are both quite sure it was very late, although the moon shone so clearly that they could see almost as well as at noon day. They had been looking out upon the churchyard, and upon the graves, nurse thinks about ten minutes, when they saw a tall white figure glide slowly on towards the mariner's grave, and seat itself upon the stone slab. They both saw it as distinctly as they saw each other, and exchanged glances, but said not a word. They then turned and saw it again; and, although they looked often at each other, they always saw the white figure when they looked back again to the churchyard. At last something dark appeared moving slowly along the path. It came up towards the tall white figure, which

then rose, and they saw that two men were carrying between them a bier with a dead body extended upon it. As soon as they reached the grave, the stone slab was lifted up, and they saw it broad and white in the moonlight. It then fell with a tremendous noise like thunder, while the two men walked away, and the white figure at that moment vanished. In none of these facts could they possibly be mistaken, because they were both looking directly at the same objects. It took some time before all was finished, and in this time they often turned to each other, as much as to say, 'Do you see that?' but they neither of them had the heart to speak. The most remarkable circumstance, however, is yet to be told. The following night, exactly at the same hour, nay, at the same moment, poor Isabel Grey, who had been growing rapidly worse, breathed her last. Nay, mamma, do not smile. It was exactly at the same hour indeed. They both say it was."

"I will reply to the last part of your story first," said Mrs. Norton, who really could not help smiling. "By your own confession, nurse Witherington said the ghost appeared at midnight, and the miller's wife that it appeared at

eleven.; but they both declare that the poor young woman died at the same hour, nay, at the same minute."

Ellen hung down her head, and had nothing to say to this mistake; but she felt not the less sure that the rest of her story was literally correct, and she ventured at last to hint her belief that her mamma would find it so.

"As to its literal correctness, my dear," replied Mrs. Norton, "I have not much to say against it, except that your historians have given to a solid substance the character of a ghost, and to another substance much less solid, that of a dead body. No sooner had you mentioned the tall white figure seated on the mariner's tomb, than I recollected that on the night previous to that on which Isabel Grey died, I was myself seated there, between the hours of ten and eleven; and I recollect this circumstance more distinctly because of some reflections which passed through my mind at the time, relative to the man upon whose grave I was resting, and his sister whom I then supposed to be at the point of death."

"But the two men with the bier!" exclaimed Ellen, thinking her mother would be quite at a loss how to account for them.

"The men with the bier," replied her mother, "were no other than your brother George and yourself, carrying the large portfolio with my cloak upon it, which I well remember thinking, at the time, resembled a bier and a dead body."

"But you know," resumed Ellen, "the slab of the tomb was lifted up, and fell down again with a noise like thunder."

"I know that your brother George lifted up the portfolio so that the moon shone on its broad side, and then carelessly let it fall upon the stone with a noise, which the fears of those superstitious women were likely to make them think as loud as thunder."

Ellen now began to smile, but suddenly recollecting that there was one thing yet unaccounted for, exclaimed, "But the vanishing of the ghost, mamma!"

"You know," replied Mrs. Norton, "that I was dressed in white; but as you had kindly brought me my cloak, I wrapped it round me when I rose up from my cold seat, and the cloak being dark green, it was very likely I should not be so easily seen as before, nay, become totally invisible to those whose minds were filled with notions of the mysterious appearing and disappearing of ghosts."

The whole party now thought it best to give the matter up, and, laughing heartily, acknowledged that Mrs. Norton had quite spoiled the best authenticated ghost story they had ever heard.

“And since you have to thank me,” said she, “for again being able to walk without fear through the churchyard,—yes, even close past the mariner’s tomb, I must request, in return, that you will spoil this story by accounting for the ghost as I have done wherever you find it has obtained belief. Before we part this night, let me impress upon your minds a piece of very important advice, that in hearing, believing, or reporting any circumstance, you should remember, that to support the prejudices, or confirm the notions of an individual, is not an object worthy of your endeavours; but that the pursuit and the discovery of truth is the grand object for which our faculties were given us; that to listen to the truth ought to be the desire of all rational beings; that to believe the truth is the surest proof that we are rational; and that to make the truth known to others, is one of the first and highest duties which we are capable of fulfilling.

DEAR-BOUGHT WISDOM.

By MRS. ABDY.

My father warned me in childhood's days,
That the world was full of fraudulent ways,
That men in their dealings were oft unjust,
And that much we should doubt, and seldom
trust.

But I rashly the first fair words believed,
My plans were baffled, my trust deceived ;
And I owned in sad and bitter ruth,
That my father spoke the words of truth.

My mother bade me observant be
Of the snares of evil company,
The ways of learning and virtue prize,
And only walk with the good and wise.

But my heart was all with the light and vain,
I mingled with pleasure's frolic train ;
They led me onwards to shame and ill,
Oh ! would I had done my mother's will !

My grandsire told me to share my store
In cheerful love with the suffering poor,
And to lay a thrifty portion by,
The wants of the future to supply.

But the poor I cared not to behold,
I lavished in feasting my ready gold ;
Now age has silvered my raven hair,
'Tis hard to begin to save and spare.

Our worthy pastor, with holy zeal,
Bade me in prayer to the Lord appeal,
To shun the tumults of worldly strife,
And make the Scriptures my guide through life.

But I never bent to the Lord my knee,
His sacred book was unread by me ;
Forgetting his laws, in sin I trod ;
But I was not forgotten in turn by God.

His grace to waken my soul he sent ;
I confess my faults, and my sins repent,
I look with grief on my follies past,
And I tread in the ways of peace at last.

But vanished, alas ! is my ample wealth,
Gone is my youth, and impaired my health,
And my mind presents a dreary void
Of talents wasted and unemployed.

Oh ! had I been willing to attend
To the warnings of each early friend,
Those lessons I safely had been taught,
Which now I have dearly, madly bought.

And I give these counsels in my turn,
That the young may timely wisdom learn ;
Nor their health, and wealth, and bloom engage
In purchasing wisdom for their age !

IRISH JERRY.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

“AND will I get your ladyship a donkey? I’ll find your honour a beauty that you shall ride. Ah, will I now? a rale beauty wid a saddle, that goes like the wind of a sunny day, smooth, and asy, and hasty.”

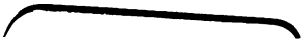
“But, my friend, it is a goat’s carriage you are driving, fit for little children only—you do not want me to get into a goat’s carriage, do you?” I replied, laughing at the oddity of the boy’s address, and pleased to hear on the Esplanade, at Brighton, the cheerful sounding “brogue” of my native land.

“Why thin, my lady, Jenny’s a born beauty, not altogether as one of thim big gentlemen goats wid de long beards, and the boo-boo-boo faces! but”—and he eyed me, and then his pretty little carriage, anxious to ascertain, if I could by any possibility get into it, and, despairing, doubtless, of making the arrangement, he continued, “ah! sure, the donkey wid a fine

poor fellow had not only performed all his business and left every thing in the nicest order, but all was gone, no one knew whither! On looking in the little garret they found his slate, on which was written, "Dear friends, I am going to see my mother."

This assertion they did not exactly believe for they had found that the acting man who was fair was leaving York that very night, and were convinced that Flitter's movements were in no way connected with his—not conceiving it possible that his love for his mother, whom he did not remember, was strong enough to tempt him away from so comfortable a home as the one provided him.

These honest people were not aware of the fact that, in proportion as the boy's health and strength had returned, his memory had been restored to a certain degree, restored, though still very imperfectly for any positive purpose. He had been long brooding on the possibility of retracing his former home, when his power of obtaining money for the purpose suddenly burst upon him at York, from the success of a boy like him in the street to age, and inferior in skill. All his conclusions as arising from his recollections and his knowledge of the country, rushed upon his mind.



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lady's saddle upon her, would be grander; and my little brother 'ill undertake Jenny—and sure its meeself, 'ill go to the world's end wid your honour upon the purtiest donkey in Brighton—I mean, your ladyship on the donkey and me after it."

I assured the boy, that I was not fond of donkey-riding, that I had my own poney, and—but he would suffer me to proceed no farther.

"Ah, lady, a poney!—Why thin, what signifies a poney? a bit of a horse! ah, my lady, I ax yer pardon—but its heart sorry I am to see you so pale, and there's nothing in life like the trot of a donkey to make the cheeks rosy; will I be after getting you the donkey? I'll travel England wid you—at ninepence an hour—and that's chape travelling; or, may be, you'd have a spell on the say,—sure the sun's turnin' every inch of the waters into diamonds. Will I bring you a boat?"

"I suppose, my good lad, your father has a boat; and between goats, donkeys, and boats, you are all growing rich." The expression of the poor boy's countenance changed more quickly than I can write it—the smile passed from his wide lips—and the light in his full round eye darkened. "This dawshy boy," he replied,

laying his hand on a fair headed child, who stood ready to take charge of Jenny; "this dawshy boy, madam, is not my *born* brother, only *brother of the heart* like—the man's son, who owns the boat—and I may say, owns me too, as none has better right, seeing I never had a father at all, at all; and no good of a mother, no more than if I had been born without one—God forgive her, and mind her, living or dead, Amin! Sure its alone I am among the people, and such a dale of em in it; and its dead and buried I'd be long ago—only for this darlint's father; and sure enough the donkey is his, and the goat, and the purty boat; but as to ever growing rich! hasn't the poor man his own six children, and meeself, and the three bastes to keep?"

"What three beasts?" I inquired, interrupting my little Paddy friend, "you only mentioned a goat and one donkey."

"And sure the greatest baste of the three is *the boat*! She costs the most of any, and indeed, it's small luck he has wid her; she's ever and always in mischief, so she is. After not earning a shilling with these craythers all day, I turns out wid himself in the boat all night, and maybe the sun 'ill rise upon nothin' for us, but a hand-

ful of sprats, or a trifle of bigger—but not better fish.”

“ You work very hard.”

“ The harder I work, the better and the *light-somer** I do be ; the comfort I has, is in the hard work, and the thought that it helps my father.”

“ Your father ! ” I exclaimed.

“ I calls him father, ever since he let me,” continued my new acquaintance, who I afterwards discovered was known by the name of IRISH JERRY. And while he spoke, he thrust his long red fingers amongst his black and clustering curls, so as to push his furry cap quite on one side ; the action altogether convinced me that something particular was connected with the time when the fisherman permitted him to call him “ father.” An Irish boy always scratches his head when he has any thing of importance to communicate ; and I inquired into the mystery, with the interest I naturally feel for young folk, be they rich or poor.

“ Tell the lady, Jerry, tell the lady ! ” exclaimed his little companion ; “ he never cares to tell it,” continued the boy, in the prettiest of Sussex accents—so crisp and musical ; “ because

* Happier.

it praises himself, though I know he is very proud indeed of it."

Jerry blushed, and pulled Jenny's ears, and rubbed the sleeve of his jacket on the brass of her harness, an operation which, it occurred to me, would rather soil the brass, than improve it. Here then was a mystery, and a story,—a real natural story, and stories I have dearly loved from the time when a little naughty fat girl (I really ought to be ashamed to confess my exceeding naughtiness), I refused to go to sleep at eight o'clock, unless permitted to hold "Beauty and the Beast" in one hand, and "Cinderella" in the other. From that happy time up to the present, I have loved story, and story-books: and I thought I should like to sit, not on one of the fine green seats on the Esplanade, because the fine ladies and gentlemen would wonder what I could hear from a poor boy, and it is very unpleasant to be stared at, but down yonder, under the Battery, on the side of that pretty painted boat, from whence, to the right far and away, I can see the gay town of Worthing; while out into the ocean, on the left, is the pretty chain pier stretching 1184 feet into the sea:—the beautiful, wonderful Sea, with its eternity of waters, upon which thousands, and

tens of thousands of ships have ridden, and will ride longer than I can calculate, is sleeping before me; and every ripple on its surface, to repeat poor Jerry's description, "was turned into diamonds by the sun." I seated myself on the edge of an old boat, having previously desired Jerry to follow, and tell me his story. I was not a little pleased at seeing that the Irish boy's adopted brother accompanied him, and pulling one of his yellow forelocks, so as to bow, after his fashion, said, "May I stay, ma'am? — I want Jerry, you see, ma'am, to tell the true story."

"Does *he* tell untruths?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he answered eagerly, "only he's shy speaking of himself." I do not exactly remember ever to have heard an imputation of possessing too much modesty, cast upon either Irish boys, or Irish men, and I was both interested and amused by the earnest desire expressed by the fisherman's son, that Jerry's story should be faithfully told.

"Being," commenced my new friend, "a desolate orphan (my name's Jerry Crow, at your ladyship's sarvice); being, as I may say, a *desolate orphin Crow*—without a bit to put in mee mouth, picked up off the wreck of a herring-

smack, me and a dog, this child's father had the luck of me, what many would call bad luck ; but I had no parish, being to the best of my memory, born with the herrings (in the boat, you know, mee lady). Well, 'twas all the same, for he brought me up at his knee, and, whin I could turn mee tongue to the English, I called him FATHER!"

" Well, lady dear," ' You understand, Jerry,' says he, ' I am not your father. I think as far as I can answer for it, that my own childre, my own flesh and blood, will be *brave, true, and honest* ; but though I may tache you a dale, Jerry, yet, young as you are, you may have larnt much bad, before you come under my taching ; and I shouldn't like any child that once called me father, not to have the three qualities that carry a man best through the world.'

" Ma'am dear, when he spoke that word, my whole heart come up into my mouth, and I thought I'd have choked ; but when I could spake (we lived at Shoreham then)—as to the bravery, sir, says I, pitch me against the biggest boy in Shoreham, and I'll bate the life out of him, I will, at single-stick or a fair. ' Hush ! hush !' says he, ' *that's* not the bravery I means, though a man must have bravery enough even in that

way to defend himself; but I mean the bravery that makes a man stick to the truth, and fear God, though it makes, maybe, against himself, to all appearance, at the time.' Well, I did not rightly understand what he meant; but I felt mighty lonely; every child in the place had a father or mother, or some one belonging to them, except me. My heart turned to this little chap, who was then a *weeny* thing that I had been taching to call me 'brother,' and now I had to settle to *untache* him; the kitten in the sun, the bird in the nest, the lamb upon the lea, had a mother—but *I had none!* and those I loved like my heart's blood, would not let me call them by the name I loved. I thought I should have died; I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I wished—it was very, very wicked—to be dead. My heart was splitting in two halves with the trouble, and, at last, hardly knowing what I meant, says I to the masther (what could I *else* call him but masther?) says I to the masther, sir, says I, if you plaze, says I, if I prove to you that I *am brave, true, and honest* in the way you wish; will you take to me then, and let me—let me call you father?"

"'God bless you, Jerry,' says he, 'to be

sure I will, and proud I'd be of you too,' says he; 'but mind,' says he, 'it isn't pickin' up a fight, 'ill make me think you brave; and as to the truth, indeed, I never found you out in a lie yet, which is a great dale to say, *considerin' you're Irish.*' Well, I didn't like the back-handed compliment at all on account of my country—but had no help for it; but *I made a promise to myself*, that before long I'd have a father and family for myself somehow or other."

"Go straight on, Jerry," exclaimed his little monitor, "and don't skip."

Although Jerry's modesty might make him inclined to skip; still his story might weary in the telling, if repeated in his own strange language, for an Irish man, woman, boy, or girl, never yet told a tale straight forward; they are fond of parentheses, and observations, and annotations, some of which *have*, and others *have not*, to do with the information they desire to give.

The kind hearted man, who adopted the desolate Irish boy, had little doubt that he possessed personal courage, that he would fight well; but that was not the only courage, poor though he was, he desired for his child: and, indeed, Jerry was not aware of what he really

required, and believed him to be hard to please, who was not satisfied with one who would fight "the biggest boy in Shoreham."

Jerry's bravery, however, was doomed to another test. It was a misty morning, and Mark Godford, the fisherman, did not think it wise to put to sea; he dragged his boat up on the shingles, and returned home to look after his donkey, requesting a fisherman, who remained on the beach drying his nets, to prevent any boys or young children from pushing out the boat.

The fisherman attended but little to the trust reposed in him; for as the evening closed in, Jerry was sent down to draw the boat still higher on the shingles—but no boat was there! that is to say, that though many boats were on the strand, the particular one, bearing Mark Godford's name, had disappeared; and, to Jerry's horror, he saw his humble patron's two children, (one of them my curly-headed friend), accompanied by another boy, in the boat, beyond the small breakers, which were rising in no very peaceful mood on the beach. What could be done? the men had gone home to their different dwellings, and the wind blowing off the shore, was drifting the naughty, foolish children farther

and farther out. Poor Jerry called, and screamed ; but the boys heard him not, and, if they had heard, had neither skill nor strength to guide the boat.

“ What ails you, honey ? ” inquired a poor Irish shrimp-woman, who had been lingering in the water, and now was seated under the cliff, mending her net ; “ What ails you ? ”

Jerry explained his anxiety, and requested her to assist him in getting a boat out. “ That you may be all lost, is it ? ” she said, moving at the same time to perform his request ; and seeing, even more clearly than Jerry himself, that there was no time to lose, not even time to get to the village and procure necessary assistance. “ I didn’t see the little fools,” exclaimed the poor woman ; “ how could I, *barrin*, I hadn’t eyes in the back of my head, which was to the wather : there now, in wid you.” The kind-hearted creature was not satisfied with this little aid, but got into the boat herself, and, to Jerry’s delight, helped to guide it over the breakers. He had formerly observed her assisting her husband in the same perilous task, and was well aware of the value of her kind services ; but they had to encounter greater peril than they had been at all aware of : the wind increased, and as they neared the boat, they could hear the

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screams of the careless children who were totally unable to trim their little vessel, and left her to the pitiless tossing of the storm. "God preserve us! for *He* only can," muttered the shrimp-gatherer; "Amen, again and again," responded Jerry; "oh, if they would only sit still, and not keep running from one end of the crayther of a boat to the other, all would be well enough!" The woman elevated her voice, when within hearing, and commanded them to remain quiet; and Jerry commenced preparing a rope which he hoped they could fasten to the gunwale between the swells, which unhappily increased in size and quantity. "Now, my boy, now's yer time!" exclaimed the woman; and the rope was flung, caught, and in a few moments two out of three had scrambled to their preservers; but Curly-pate still remained crying and trembling, leaning first on one side, then on the other. Suddenly a tremendous wave so nearly capsized both boats, that Jerry and the shrimp-gatherer almost lost their sight, and when they looked again the smaller vessel was upset, and, from its changed position, appeared as if towing downwards their own boat. The woman with praiseworthy presence of mind cut the rope; but Jerry had another object—to

save poor Curly-pate, his favourite, the darling of his father's heart, his mother's best and greatest treasure; bravely he sprang into the dark abyss in search of the drowning boy. The shrimp-gatherer clasped her hands more tightly on her almost useless oar, and drew her breath earnestly through her closed teeth; in less than a minute, she saw Jerry rise above the waters, bearing the lost one with him; but so much time elapsed before she could get them into the boat that she thought Curly-pate would breathe no more. It was an awful and desperate task to guide the little bark to land—the two boys who had been first saved, crying, ready to break their hearts—the evening quite closed in—master Curly still insensible—the brave Jerry almost drowned—and the poor woman, weakened by her former exertions, contending with the waves; still, as Jerry piously said, “*by God's great blessing* we got to land;” and that was Jerry's first triumph. Mark Godford pressed his child (rescued from a watery grave by Jerry's devoted BRAVERY) to his heart, and called him BRAVE!

“It's hard,” quoth the Irish boy, as he laid his head that night upon his pillow, “It's hard,” quoth he, “if I don't prove myself *true and honest*

before long." No knight-errant ever more eagerly desired adventure than Jerry sought for an opportunity to prove his truth and honesty. "Then," he thought to himself, "I shall no longer be without a father."

The shrimp-woman entertained a great opinion of Jerry's merits, and praised him much to her acquaintances; but the English boys looked upon him as an interloper, as one who took much from them, for Jerry's activity and good-nature were growing proverbial, and, like his country-folk, it must be confessed he was as ready to work for *love* as for *money*, a feeling the very opposite to the English of the class to which they belonged. The prejudice against him increased to such a degree, that Jerry was perpetually getting into scrapes with the Shoreham boys, and then literally fighting his way out of them; indeed *fighting* was the mode of reasoning he understood best, and at last his friend found it necessary to interpose his authority to prevent his *protégé* from being, as the *protégé* himself expressed it, "murdered intirely." To say the truth, I am afraid that my Irish friend did not dislike such encounters; at all events, Mark not only forbade, but wisely as well as kindly informed the youth, that if, during a period of one

month, he abstained from fighting, he should have a new suit of clothes; of this, Jerry stood much in need, and the forbearance which, during a period of three weeks, he shewed on various occasions, raised bright anticipations in his good friend's mind. The old shrimp-woman knew of the intended reward, and, by averting quarrels, assisted her favourite's resolve to fight no more; the Shoreham boys thought it strange that Jerry would not fight, but they never either called or fancied him a coward. There was, however, one boy, if possible, more pugnacious than Jerry, a regular fighter, the plague of the neighbourhood, and alas! that such should ever be the case, the misery of his parents: he persecuted our hero most terribly; and, at last, Jerry's patience could hold out no longer, and a desperate quarrel ensued; I am sorry and ashamed to recount it, but the fact was that they fought under the shadow of a cliff which they thought screened them from observation—they were mistaken. The old shrimp-gatherer knew that were another day to pass, her favourite would have his clothes, and she watched him very closely to prevent a quarrel. Great was her annoyance when she saw him "triumphant in battle," and his miserable jacket more torn than ever: "ye'r a bad

boy, Harry Nelton ; I know how you tempted him, I know all about it, how you boasted that you'd make him fight ; and now he may go naked for any thing you care !”

“ No,” replied fighting Harry ; “ no, mother Irish, I'm not as bad as that either ; I'll not tell — it's enough for me I've had my fight out : but I'll not hinder Jerry's getting his clothes from Old Mark ; I'm no tell-tale, and nobody need know it but our three selves.”

“ Sit down then, Jerry, till I stich up the rents, and ould Mark will never know a word about it ; and I'll go bail so far for fighting Harry, bad as he is, that when onc't he says he wont tell, he wont.”

Jerry's cheek flushed, and his eye brightened with indignation at the good-natured but weak-principled woman's suggestion. “ You don't know me,” he said, “ indeed you don't : it was wrong, wicked to fight ; but there stands Harry, and he knows how he provoked and dared me to it before I'd hear to it at all :—and God knows that it was more to please Mark than even to get the clothes, bad as I wanted them, but it's all over now.”

“ What a fool you are,” exclaimed Harry ; “ the fight was a fair one, as I'm willing to

allow, and no harm done that is to signify, and no one beyond ourselves ever need to know it. Come, come, keep your own secret, and indeed you can make up for it, for I'll maintain you're brave, and never ask you to strike another blow : besides it 'ill only fret poor Mark if he hears it."

"And I saw the beautiful new castor he bought you, and the jacket true blue as purty as ever grew on a sheep's back, the wool I mean afore it was cloth, and all to be your own ; think of that," chimed in the shrimp-gatherer.

"And sure if any one has a right to the new clothes it's you," persisted Harry, whose animosity had passed away with his blows ; "you who saved his child's life."

"I will not tell a lie," responded Jerry.

"But hark ye, honey, sure never a lie need you tell ; you'll be asked no questions a cushla. Mark himself was bragging to me about you this morning ; and sayin' what a jewel you war', as you are, darlint ; and says he, I'm so sure he's kept his promise that never a question will I ask him, only put the clothes by his bed-side after he's gone a'sleep that he may find them in the morning."

To this bad advice Jerry made no reply, but, bursting into tears, took his way homewards, resolved to *tell the truth*. When my young readers

remember that Jerry was literally in rags, they will I hope give him due credit for his resolution. His friend Curly-pate met him at the door, and, clinging fondly to him, whispered "Father has got the clothes, Jerry, and we are to go to Shoreham church, and after that to dine in the boat for a holiday; and mother says she's better pleased than if she had a golden guinea that you kept a month without fighting, because now she is sure you will give it up entirely."

"Sir," said Jerry, striding up to Mark who was seated in his easy wicker chair after a hard day's work, "Sir—I kept from fighting—till—a—while—a—go!—but then I was tempted—so, sir, I've lost the clothes!"—he covered his face with his hands, and Mark looked as disappointed as Jerry; the old shrimp-woman had followed him home, and peering in her old wizend face, exclaimed, "Ah, thin sure, and it's myself tried hard to keep ye' from that knowledge, and couldn't; I am mad with him intirely, so I am, for telling!"

"So am not I," interrupted the fisherman: "Brave and true—another quality, and then Jerry!"—Jerry looked up through his tears and smiled, and, though the next morning saw him with a ragged jacket, his heart was

cheerful. Displeased as Mark had certainly been by his fighting with Harry, still he valued, and shewed he valued, his truthfulness. It was also recorded, as I afterwards learned in the village of Shoreham, that Jerry never after that day was drawn into a quarrel, "barrin," as the shrimp-woman told me, "Onct when he thrashed a big Brighton boy most soundly for cutting off a donkey's tail. My *tale* grows too long. Had I told it in the Irish boy's own words I think it would have been more interesting. How Jerry established his character for honesty would make a story of itself: you must take my word for it that he did so through many temptations, and perfectly to Mark's satisfaction.

"It was mighty quare," said the old Irish woman, who delighted to talk of Jerry's perfections, and was not ashamed to confess, that she learned to value truth from the lessons of a boy of fourteen; "It was mighty quare to see Jerry, when Mark not only gave him lave, after he proved himself to be brave, true, and honest,—not only gave him lave, but tould him in the hearing of my two blessed ears (thanks be to God for the same), tould him, *he was proud to have him call him father!* first, I thought he'd never lave

off the crying, every tear as big as a bean, to say nothing of a pea; then the word 'father' was never off the top of his tongue night or day; yes, father; no, father; I'm going to my father; I see my father: every thing was father with him, and he as proud as a *paycock*; *and to be sure he had the desire of his heart, and an emperor can have no more.*"

Seldom can he have as much, I thought: to tell the truth, I was proud of the nature and feeling of my young countryman. Moreover, I learned that Mark and his family were very poor; that Jerry had been frequently tempted to leave them by some who valued his honesty and industry, and by others who merely appreciated his usefulness; but no, nothing could induce him to desert his early friends: they were all the world to him. He worked for them, and, what was better still, he *thought* for them. Old Mark told me "he was the best of his children!" and Jerry's eyes filled with tears on receiving the compliment. I am happy to say that the circumstances of this worthy family are improving, which they cannot fail to do when people, on whom worldly prosperity is bestowed, become acquainted with the virtues of Irish Jerry.

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THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

“ COME, let us to our task repair—
Improve another day ;
The flowers are fresh—the morn is fair ;
And all is young and gay !

Behold the bee from flower to plant,
Her way industrious winging !
Behold the little insect ant—
The lark at heaven's gate singing !

The dancing rills, with flocks between—
The ever-varying skies—
Come, learn from all the busy scene,
My children, to be wise !

The healthful morn, with roses crowned,
To life hath roused the whole ;
There's sunshine in the world around,—
And sunshine in the soul !

When wealth by labour's once attained,
No matter what it cost :
One hour well spent—that hour is gained—
One idle hour is lost.

Were all those fields that deck the scene
On which the sun shines down ;
Were all these woods of waving green,
And all yon hills your own ;—

They could not yield so pure a joy,
In after years, you'll find,
As those we seek, my girl and boy,—
The treasures of the mind.

One lesson from the book of Truth—
One leaf from Wisdom's page,—
Will dignify the days of youth,
And consecrate old age !

No wealth into this world we brought,
And none can take away :
The blind in mind, the poor in thought—
How blind !—how poor are they !

No joy o'er darkness hath control—
For ignorance is sin—

No sorrow can disturb the soul,
When all is light within !

There dwells a balm for every grief—
A bliss for every hour—
A tear, to give the heart relief—
A thought for every flower—

A prayer for every blessed thought
That bears the soul abroad—
A joy for every hallowed spot—
A love for man and God !

Oh ! happy are the hearts, whose love
With wisdom still increase ;
For all her ways most pleasant prove,
And all her paths are peace !

Come, then, dear children ! let's improve
The talents God has given ;
And grow in wisdom, grace, and love,
Pure spirits meet for heaven !”

THE INVITATION.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

“ WHAT ails thee, dearest mother,
On this bright summer’s day ;
Why droops thine eye so mournfully,
When nature all looks gay ?

Thy cheek is pale, my mother,
Thy brow is dark with care ;
Come forth into the sunny light,
And feel the balmy air.

Come forth into the meadows,
Beside the murm’ring rill,
The little wand’ring mountain-brook,
Whose voice is never still.

I’ll lead thee where the linnet builds
Her shelter’d nest so green,
That scarce amid the leafy boughs
Her summer home is seen.

I’ll lead thee where the rip’ning corn
Is waving all day long ;

And seat thee in the hawthorn shade,
To hear the blackbird's song.

I'll lead thee where the yellow broom
And purple hare-bell grow ;
Or down into the mossy dell,
Where shining waters flow.

Behold, upon the distant wood,
What glorious sunshine falls !
While every songster's melody
To hope and gladness calls.

Behold, upon the verdant plain,
What countless myriads meet,
To sport upon that buoyant gale,—
To feel that life is sweet !

Say, shall the wild bird in the wood,
The honey-laden bee,
With all their labour, all their love,
More grateful prove than we ?

Oh ! come and see, with wond'ring eye,
What busy wings and light
Are gliding over earth and sea,
Untiring in their flight.

Oh ! come, and hear what happy sounds
Are floating through the air —
And then, farewell to gloomy thought,
Farewell to moody care !

Is it not joy, my mother,
These blooming flowers to see ?
To hear the warbling of the birds,
Is it not joy to thee ? ”

“ Well hast thou taught, beloved,
A lesson wise and true,
To find in Nature’s smiling face
Enjoyment ever new.

Give me thy gentle hand, and forth
Where shining waters flow,
Where bloom the flowers, we’ll wander on,
Rejoicing as we go.”

A LETTER FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

BY A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

ON the 1st of May 1831, early in the morning, we came in sight of Constantinople, or, as the Turks call it, Istamboul. The first part of the city we saw was the Seven Towers, which form one point of the triangle in which shape Constantinople is built: on two sides it is bounded by water, the sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn; on the third side of the triangle by land.

After we passed the Seven Towers the view of Constantinople was quite splendid; the different coloured houses sloping towards the sea, with trees all in full leaf and blossom, thickly scattered through them. Constantinople, like Rome, is built on seven hills, the summit of each of which is crowned by an imperial mosque, whose spiry minarets pierced the sky, and copper-covered domes glittered in the sun. The mosque of Sultan Achmet, with its six minarets, and that of Santa Sophia, with its four, were the most conspicuous. The Seraglio was hid in the trees, only

the tops of the buildings visible ; yet it formed one of the most picturesque objects, terminating in a point washed on both sides by the sea. As we approached this point, we passed close under the wall that guards Constantinople on the side of the sea of Marmora ; here, for the first time, we saw turbaned Turks listlessly reclining on the battlements, smoking their chibouks, or long pipes, and looking down on us as we passed by. The scene, as we advanced, was still varying, yet always beautiful : when we looked to our right hand we saw the Prince's Islands, scattered like a little archipelago, and covered with Greek monasteries. The Franks sometimes go to these islands to spend the summer months, the air being cooler than at Constantinople. Rising behind these was Mount Olympus, its summit covered with snow. Here the gods were said once to have taken their seats to view the affairs of mortals. And, indeed, it seemed as if Jove still reigned there and looked down on the plains below : the sultan, who is another Jove, assumes to himself all the privileges of this mountain ; he will not allow any to take the snow from it to cool their sherbet, but appropriates it all to his own use. From Mount Olympus onward we could only faintly trace the sweep of the bay, but could not dis-

tinctly discern the land until we came to Cadikui, or, as it was once named, "the city of the blind men:" it was thus called because the Greeks, who built it, overlooking the fine harbour of Constantinople, erected their city on a low, dry, barren point of land, where there was no bay of any description. When the Ionians afterwards consulted the oracle, to know where they should build their city, it answered, "opposite to the city of the blind men;" they then erected Constantinople. Further on, also, on the Asiatic shore, was Scutari, and the great Turkish burying-ground, forming a dark grove of cypress, stretching as far the eye could reach; it is said to be four miles long. All the Turks of rank are brought over to Scutari to be buried, because they think that when the Russians take Constantinople (for they are sure that will happen) they will disturb their bones if buried on the European shore; and, to keep them from such violation, they are carried across to Asia Minor, which the Russians will never conquer—at least so the Turks say. When we were doubling the point of the Seraglio, we observed the Golden Gate, one of the entrances into the Gardens, and through which the sultan goes when he embarks in his caique: beside this gate is the Yali-Kiosk, so

fatal to prime ministers ; for here a grand vizier is to retire after he has been deposed, and wait until his fate is decided on. Only conceive, dear madam, a venerable Turk, with his flowing beard, smoking his chibouk, and calmly waiting till a chaoush comes either to release him, or strangle him with a bow-string as the Sultan pleases !

After we passed the Seraglio point we entered the Golden Horn, which divides Constantinople from Pera and Galata. Here we saw innumerable caiques, or Turkish boats, sailing about, filled with people of all the different nations that inhabit this great city.

When we anchored at Galata, the first objects that presented themselves were very characteristic of the country : a *fire* broke out close to our ship. At first we thought it was intentionally lighted for some purpose, but in a few moments the flames rushed out of the roof of a house, and before we imagined one could have been burnt, there were *five* of them consumed. It was soon, however, extinguished, and the people thought nothing of so slight a fire, and, though I was startled by it at the time, yet I also learned to think little of a daily occurrence. When the fire had subsided, and I began to observe what was happening on the land, I was surprised by the

immense number of savage-looking *dogs* that were growling and fighting among the offals lying in heaps on the shore. *Fire* and *dogs* are the characteristics of a Turkish town, and almost the first thing that strikes the eye of a stranger. Papa told me the quantity of dogs was greatly diminished since he was last at Constantinople. Dear madam, what must the multitude have been before they were destroyed! The sultan had ordered a number of them to be poisoned, and the remainder to be sent to Scutari, where a baker was appointed to provide them with bread; this seemed as if he relented after his first destruction.

When we were settled at Constantinople, we went to see the curiosities of the country. We hired a caique, which is a long narrow boat like a canoe, rowed by any number of men, each having two oars; it is shaped like a crescent, and seems to touch the water only at a point in the middle, being raised at both ends, which project into long sharp peaks, sometimes, in those belonging to the higher class, ornamented with gilt figures. The inside is usually highly carved, and always kept very clean; the company in it sit cross-legged at the bottom on a carpet. In one of these we sailed up the Bosphorus to see

the beauties of that celebrated channel. The scenery on its banks is certainly lovely; and the idea that you look at different quarters of the globe, on each side, adds much to the interest when you may land in Europe, and in a few minutes afterwards find yourself in Asia. The different villages with their coloured houses, kiosks or country-seats of the Sultan and great officers, either built on the shore close to the water's edge, or in the valleys where there are small bays formed by the windings of the Bosphorus, presenting a beautiful landscape, exercise for the pencil of a painter, or the pen of a poet. These valleys look very sequestered with sloping hills on either side, covered with vineyards and gardens where there is a village; otherwise they are left in a state of nature, forming beautiful green meadows enamelled with curious wild flowers of vivid and varied hues. Sometimes a flock of goats or sheep appear with their tinkling bells grazing on the side of the hill, their keeper, generally a Greek, wearing a sheepskin cap, playing on the Pandean pipe, forming an Arcadian scene. The valleys on the Asiatic shore are more wooded than those on the European, and have fewer villages. There is usually a clear rivulet running through the

and here the Turkish ladies come to enjoy the cool air, drink coffee, and smoke pipes.

When we had sailed half-way up the Bosphorus, we came to the village of Roumeli-hissari situated on the European shore; there is a castle here and another on the Asiatic side called Anadoli-hissari. These forts were built by Mahomet II. before he took Constantinople. He first erected the castle in Asia, and then began to build that in Europe. Constantine expostulated with him, but Mahomet said, "when a Greek emperor was not able to defend himself, he had better take care of his territories for him." The Turk therefore placed his flag on the fort, and beside it a tremendous cannon carrying a stone ball of a hundred pounds weight; he then ordered every ship passing up or down the Bosphorus to salute his standard, on peril of having the vessel shattered to pieces. A Genoese merchant-man was the first and only one that dared to disobey this order, and suffered for it—the ship was destroyed by a shot from his dreadful gun, and the captain, who was taken up alive, with four of his men, were flayed, and their skins hung up on the battlements of the fort as a frightful warning to all future offenders.

The fortress consists of five round towers joined

to each other by thick walls. There is a very low gate on the European sea-shore, which is nearly hid by a large plane-tree; it leads to the first of these towers, called the "Tower of Oblivion;" it is thus named because if a sultan was displeased with a turbulent janissary captain, he sent him here at nightfall, and when he had once passed through this low entrance he never was heard of more.

As we approached the village of Buyukderé we came in sight of the Black Sea spreading out in a magnificent sheet of water as far as the eye could reach, while numbers of ships were entering it and sailing about it, their white canvass strikingly contrasted with its dark waters. Close to the mouth of the Black Sea are the Cyanæan rocks, so famous in story as deceiving mariners by first presenting an opening and then closing on the ship the moment she got between them. The Argonauts, it is told us, were the first to go safely through; they, having driven away the Harpies from tormenting Phineus, king of that part of Thrace, were instructed by him how to pass the fearful rocks in safety, and they never since have closed.

Buyukderé, situated on the European shore, is the last village inhabited by Franks. The

Bosphorus here takes a sweep, and then flows on straight to the Black Sea. It is the largest of all the villages, presenting a long line of houses facing the water. High hills rise behind covered with vineyards, which, in summer, give a rich appearance to the landscape.

On the Asiatic shore nearly opposite to Buyukderé is a very high hill called the Giant's Mountain; from the summit of which we had a splendid view of the surrounding country even to the sea of Marmora and Constantinople. There is a curious story of this mountain among the Turks: they say, that when Joshua had finished conducting the Israelites into Canaan, he came here and remained on this mountain until he died. He is described as an enormous giant; that he used to sit, of a summer's evening, on the edge of the mountain and wash his feet in the Bosphorus beneath him. There is a mosque on the top, and a garden attached to it, down the middle of which, is an inclosure, seven yards long, raised on a low stone wall, this is said to be a grave in which is buried the foot of Joshua. Inside the mosque, the *dervishes*, or holy men, who take care of it, shewed us a Turkish inscription, framed and glazed, setting forth this tradition of Joshua the Giant.

As we returned to Constantinople, we observed a number of birds flying very rapidly up the Bosphorus. It is said they never light on the land or on the water, nor take any food, they never make any noise either by chirping or with their wings, but keep flying up and down the channel in flocks of forty or fifty together; they are, for these reasons, called by the French "*âmes damnées*" or "cursed souls," from the belief that they are *souls* condemned for their crimes to keep continually moving backwards and forwards without being allowed any rest.

We arrived at Pera in the evening very much pleased with our excursion, and delighted with the beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus which well deserves the fame bestowed upon it.

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THE YOUNG GLEANER.

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THE YOUNG GLEANER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

HER task has been a weary one,
To stoop all day for ears of corn ;
All day beneath the harvest-sun ;
 Yet looks she not forlorn.

Her feet are sore, her limbs are weak,
She leans fatigued against the stile ;
Her lips are parched, and yet her cheek
 Half dimples with a smile.

Although her task be done, although
Her arms have dropped their yellow store,
Her heart, untired, would freely go
 Back to the field for more.

The spirit of the girl is glad,
You see it looking through her eyes ;
Sweet Gleaner, she could not be sad
 Beneath such lovely skies.

Though wide the field, though hot the ground,
To gather up her golden spoil

While Heaven seemed smiling all around,
Was pleasure more than toil.

The morning breeze, the mid-day calm,
The shower, the blue that o'er her shone,
She felt them on her heart as balm,
And sung and gathered on.

To glean what those who gleaned before
Had left, seemed all her soul desired;
And till her long day's task was o'er,
She knew not she was tired.

And now, what waits her homeward way?
Delicious rest and slumbers deep:
These three compose her night and day,
Sweet toil, sweet rest, sweet sleep.

Oh! blest, midst those whom man's hard will
Condemns to slavery's ceaseless care,
Are ye who, task-worn, labour still
Out in the open air!

Gleaner, *thy* grief may be assuaged;
Compared with *her's* thy tasks are mild,
That trampled flower, that bird encaged,
The pent-up Factory child!

TO WOMAN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

SAYEST thou, Man's love will die
Fickle and changing !
Like the gay butterfly,
Evermore ranging ;
Light as a summer brook
Sighing and flirting ;
Still for the first sweet look
Some heart deserting ?

Sayest thou, he'll seek love's rose,
Only to blight it ?
Woo—till affection glows,
Then coldly slight it ;
Bid the bright hues decay,
Once proud to cherish ;
Watch them fade day by day,
Silently perish ?

No ! in his bosom beams
Feeling more brightly ;

Honour too nobly gleams
Ere to love lightly.
If there be one that *can*
Wrong thee—life shames him !
’Tis not, believe me, man :
Manhood disclaims him !

Half thine own sorrow flows
From thine election ;
Pleased with each idle beau’s
Prate of affection :
True love may silent muse
No hope to cheer him ;
Whilst, when the coxcomb woos,
All eyes smile near him !

Turn from the trifler’s tongue,
Fair looks, and laughter ;
Smiles will not triumph long,
Sorrow reigns after !
Seek, ’neath the quiet brow,
Faith that fails never ;
Love that will light thee now,
Bless thee for ever !

THE HUMMING BIRD.

By S. E.

" His silken vest was purpled o'er with green,
And crimson rose-leaves wrought the sprigs between
His diadem, a topaz, beamed so bright,
The moon was dazzled with its purest light."

EMILY SPENCER was a little girl of nearly nine years old, who had lately arrived from St. Vincent's, with her papa and mamma, in Trinidad. As soon as Mr. and Mrs Spencer could arrange every thing, they removed from the hot town of Port of Spain, to a very pretty cottage about a mile distant. Emily was delighted with their new residence; the trees, the flowers—in fact, every thing was a novelty to her; for, though born in the West Indies, she had always lived in town; and when her papa drove her and her mamma out the first evening to "the Cottage," for such was its name, she ran about the garden, looking at every thing, till the fast-closing evenings, peculiar to the West Indies, warned her to return home.

"The Cottage" was a very pretty spot. It stood

on a little rising ground, which overlooked part of the garden, and a field of Guinea grass, her papa had planted. A galba fence inclosed the flower-garden, and two beautiful trees of the purple-heart hung their long flower-decked branches over the gate. Near the house there were some fine orange and citron-trees, along with coffee-bushes, a few straggling cerise, one or two papaw-trees, some pomes de rose and pomegranates. A grape-vine had once been planted, but never *trained*, at one end of the house, and had twined its tendrils in among the water-lemon (a vine nearly resembling the passion-flower,) and the jessamine, both white and red, which clustered in wild beauty and profusion round the rough posts which supported the verandah. Little had been attempted in the way of neatness by its former owner; and one of the first things Mr. Spencer found requiring his attention was the garden, which, from its confused, neglected condition, was a safe retreat for hosts of chasseur ants, lizards, bats, and myriads of insects, not even excepting one of the most formidable assailants of Trinidad — different species of snakes.

Originally there had been a small grass lawn and some flower-beds before the house; but

from carelessness, and the place having been for some months uninhabited, the grass was nearly as tall as Emily, forming an excellent nursery for a very irritating little insect, called *bête rouge*; while the flower-beds were in such a state of utter ruin, that they could scarcely be distinguished from the walks: balsams, Lima beans, the African rose, and yams, all so thickly matted together, and formed such a luxuriant thicket, that it seemed wonderful how they had room to grow.

Emily wished to begin to weed the garden, and sort the plants in a little better order, the very evening she came out; but her papa only smiled at her eagerness, and told her that he would see what could be done next day. She was rather sorry that her father was not so enthusiastic a gardener as *she* intended to be; and went to bed thinking how beautiful and neat the garden would look next day, quite forgetful that a place full of rank, tall, West India weeds, could not be cleaned, and made pretty in a day by any one,—far less by negro gardeners.

Next morning she rose very early, and, having obtained her papa's leave, went out to the garden, determining to surprise her mamma

by the quantity of ground she would weed before breakfast. Emily set to work very heroically; she had a nice little light hoe of her own; but, alas! to her disappointment, she found the deeply rooted weeds required a much stronger hoe and arm than her's, to dig them up. Before long, the Jack Spaniards (an insect very like a wasp, but which sting more severely), roused from their long-undisturbed nests, in the branches of the mangoe and papaw-trees, began to buzz and fly round Emily a little closer than she exactly liked: then the ants, uprooted by her hoe, came out stealthily, till they formed into a long regular line, and poor Emily was forced to quit *that* border.

All these annoyances she attributed to having begun to weed too near the mangoe and papaw-trees; so, taking up her hoe and basket for the weeds, she went to the opposite side of the garden. Here she was no better: once or twice a stray scorpion, or centipede started out; and the merry green lizards, with their twinkling bright eyes, ran in such numbers about her, that she got quite afraid, and her hands trembled so much that she could not hold the hoe.

She then began to try and pull up the weeds

with her hands ; but this she was soon obliged to give up ; the strong thorns of the mimosa hurt her hands, her wrists were stung by nettles, and her stockings were covered with the rough brown burr, which sticks to, and pricks every one who touches it. In a short time, the sun became so powerful that, at last, Emily was very glad to hear her father call her to breakfast. When she got in-doors, she began to feel very uncomfortable ; her feet were full of *bête rouge* ; her hands and wrists smarting with the prickles and stings ; and, altogether, she felt so hot and tired, that she began to think gardening not quite so pleasant a thing as she had fancied.

As soon as she had done her breakfast, she sat down to work ; but the *bête rouge*, from her morning expedition, irritated and pained her so much, that she was glad to get old Diana, the negro who had taken care of her from her birth, to come and wash her feet with sand and lime-juice,—a very painful remedy, though the only one for extracting the *bête rouge*.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer said very little to Emily on the occasion ; they saw she had received a more practically useful lesson than any they could have given her, on the folly

of being in such a hurry to do every thing a once. As soon as the time of the negroe could be spared, Mr. Spencer employed them in clearing and cleaning the garden; and, with some industry and time, it presented, in a few days, a very different aspect. The trees were pruned, the walks swept, vegetables and flower separated into distinct beds, the grape-vin neatly nailed up, and the water-lemon and jessamines prettily trained round the posts and over the verandah.

Emily, at last, confessed her father's slow steady mode of gardening answered infinitely better than her hasty one; and, for some time this lesson kept her from being either so very hurried in what she did, or so obstinate in her own opinion; but, gradually, the recollection of this died away, till Emily's old faults of obstinacy and impatience were as bad as ever.

One morning when Emily was in the verandah, watering some plants her father had placed there, her attention was attracted by some very small birds of beautiful plumage, which kept fluttering about, now settling on the rich blossoms of the coffee-tree, and then springing up with so rapid a flight that her eye could scarcely follow them. For some time she watched them

very attentively, till, when she saw them fly to a papaw-tree close to the house, and, at last, suspend themselves on the sprays of jessamine which were twined on the posts of the verandah, she ran to her mother's room, and begged her to come and see the loveliest little birds in the world, which were flying all about the jessamine and coffee-blossoms.

Her mother was so good as to put down her book, and follow her to the verandah, where they found two of the birds perched on the branches of the red and white oleanders which were in small tubs under the verandah. As soon as Emily and her mother approached, they flew away to the coffee-bushes, where, after a few lively motions of jerking and bowing, they thrust their delicate long bills into the slender neck of the blossoms, sipping its limpid honey, or snapping at the gnats and little insects which the sweetness of the flowers drew round them.

"Oh, mamma, what are they?" exclaimed Emily, "do you know their names? did you ever see any of them before?"

"They are Humming Birds, my dear," said her mother. "There are a great many of them in the West Indies, and I have very often sat for a length of time admiring their beautiful

plumage and elegant form, as they flit about from flower to flower."

"Where do they build their nests?" asked Emily; "and what do they make them of, mamma?"

"They generally build their nests on the horizontal branches of some low tree, or rather bush, generally selecting a twig for that purpose; at other times they are found to have built them on some strong stalk, or even on garden-weeds. The outside of the nest is made of fragments of the common bluish-grey lichen you may have seen on the old orange, or even other trees; and is glued together, so as to give it sufficient firmness and stability, with the *saliva* of the bird, a liquid secreted in its mouth, and which has the useful property of keeping the carefully made nest dry and free from moisture."

"But, mamma," said Emily, "I am not quite clear about what *lichen* is; will you be so good as to tell me?"

"It is a plant belonging to the class *cryptogamia*. I have often, in Europe, seen it very different in its appearance; sometimes soft, silky, and delicate, like fine moss, and of a bright dark green, growing on old trees and on walls; at other times of a cork-like substance, almost

elastic in its texture,—which means, yielding in a great degree on force to pull it out being used, and returning to its natural size and position, on the force being withdrawn, as Indian rubber does,—and of a copperish brown. The finest lichen I ever saw was in the old town of St. Malo, when I was travelling in France, where the almost upright roofs and tall chimneys were nearly covered with it, in large bright yellow patches. In the West Indies there are many kinds of lichen, and, as in Europe, of various consistencies and colours. Old lime and orange-trees are particularly subject to its growing on their branches; and, from the bluish-grey species, which is found vegetating on rotten fences and old trees, the little Humming Bird finds material for its nest. Inside there is a thick layer of a cottony substance, which, on examination, appears to be made of the down of seeds, closely matted together; and innermost is a lining of soft silky materials, which are fibres of different plants.”

“ I dare say, mamma, the Humming Birds use some of the nice, soft, silk grass to line their nests: but how large are they?” asked Emily.

“ The nests, my dear,” replied her mother, “ are of sizes proportioned to that of the bird.

That of the Ruby-throated Humming Bird seldom exceeds an inch in diameter, and about as much in depth, as the little inhabitant, when first hatched, is hardly larger than a humble *bee*; others are of a larger size, as the Humming Birds are a large family in *Ornithology* (or the study of birds), and differ both in size and colour, as well as in the form and material of their nests, in different countries."

"Where are the prettiest and largest Humming Birds found, mamma?" inquired the little girl.

"I cannot tell you from my own observation, where the *prettiest* are to be found; but, from all I have read, and from many stuffed specimens I have seen in museums and collections of birds, I am inclined to think the most *curious* are natives of the Brazils, and other parts of South America, Mexico, and, indeed, the greater portion of the American Continent. Perhaps, also, some of the most strikingly beautiful are natives of those countries, if I except the Ruby-throated Humming Bird, called in Natural History, *Trochilus colubris*, the Ruby-crested Humming Bird (*T. moschitus*), and the White-collared Humming Bird (*T. mellivorus*); all of which, though natives of the West Indies, are also indigenous to the American Continent."

"Did you ever see a Humming Bird's egg, mamma?"

"Yes, I have seen many," answered Mrs. Spencer; "and the prettiest I ever saw was one of those of the Ruby-throated Humming Bird. The female lays only two eggs at a time; they are pure white, and almost oval. The patient little mother sits on these eggs ten days; at the end of which time the young are hatched, and in a week are ready to fly, though they are fed by the parent birds till they are a fortnight old. Considering that they are born naked, blind, and so weak as hardly to be able to stretch out their tiny bills to receive the food their kind parents bring them, this must appear to every one a rapid progress."

"What do they like best for food, mamma?" asked Emily.

"From all I have been able to observe of their habits, and from what I have read of them, it appears that their sole food consists of the honey they sip from various flowers, and small insects of the coleopterous order, a few gnats and flies."

"I do not understand what you mean, mamma, by insects of the coleopterous order," said Emily.

"*Coleopterous* is a term used in *Entomology*

(or that branch of Natural History which deals with insects), to signify those insects whose wings are guarded by a pair of strong horny cases which they are folded when at rest: these are named *elytra*, and meet in a straight line down the back, when shut. Do you understand this, Emily?" asked Mrs. Spencer.

"Yes, mamma, quite well; but, now you tell me what flowers it likes best and where it gets the honey from?"

"Humming Birds generally, but the ruby-throated in particular, like tubular flowers probably from the peculiar organisation of their bill and tongue, which are long and slender and appear well fitted for being inserted into the tube-shaped delicate necks of the jewel species. These, along with the blossom of the coffee-bush, flowering balsam, the old-fashioned different convolvuluses, and bell-shaped flowers are what they seem to like best, as they visit most frequently to them," said her mother.

"Then, mamma, I think they might be kept in cages, and fed with fresh flower syrup every day. I will ask Cato, papa's servant, to catch some for me, and I will take care of them, pretty creatures!"

"Gently, Emily, my dear," replied

Spencer ; “ you have yet to learn that Humming Birds have baffled nearly every attempt to keep them successfully in cages. With the exception of one or two instances, the poor little birds have all died, notwithstanding every kind care and attention. When in a state of confinement, they are usually fed on loaf sugar dissolved in water, which they prefer to honey and water. I read lately, in Audubon’s ‘ American Ornithology,’ an instance of these birds, when kept in confinement, being fed from artificial flowers made on purpose, in the interior of which sugar or honey and water was placed. But, even with this care, they rarely lived many months, and were found in the greatest state of emaciation, when examined after their death.”

“ Have any ever been carried *alive* to England ? ” inquired Emily.

“ I never heard but of one instance,” said her mother ; “ it was a Mango Humming Bird, which was safely brought to England. ‘ A young gentleman, a few days before he sailed from Jamaica for England, met with a female Humming Bird sitting on the nest and eggs, and, cutting off the twig, he brought altogether on board. The bird became sufficiently tame to suffer herself to be fed on honey and water

during the passage, and hatched two young ones. The mother, however, did not long survive; but the young were brought to England, and continued for some time in the possession of Lady Hammond: the little ones readily took honey from the lips of Lady Hammond: and, though the one did not live long, the other survived for, at least, two months from the time of their arrival.' "

" Poor little things!" said Emily; and then, pausing a moment, exclaimed, " Oh, mamma, do you see that one on the branch of yellow jessamine? what a splendid one! its throat is just like a collar of rubies: now they change to crimson and orange; and then those two feathers in the middle of its tail, so rich a yellow green! and now it is flying away; oh, mamma, *do* look at its wings; what a pretty purple brown they are! What species of Humming Bird is that?"

" That is the Ruby-throated (*T. colubris*); certainly one of the prettiest I have ever seen; his little throat seems almost on fire now he is in the sun."

" But, oh, mamma! *there* is another species I like better; he is dressing his wings on that pink balsam opposite us;" cried Emily.

" That is the Ruby-crowned Humming Bird,

which is said to possess the most splendid plumage of any of the *Trochilus* family," said Mrs. Spencer; "look how beautifully those rose-coloured feathers are arranged on the back of the head and throat! changing, according as the light falls on it, from a deep reddish-brown to a bright copper hue, and then to so brilliant a red as would almost dim a ruby's lustre. Then, see the clear golden green, and topaz yellow of the breast, its dark fan-like tail of a crimson brown, with the almost black band round the edge. This elegant bird, indeed, deserves all the beautiful epithets lavished on it. The great naturalist, Buffon, bestowed on it the poetical title of 'les cheveux de l'astre du jour,' or *the tresses of the day-star*; its throat has been compared to 'the hue of roses steeped in liquid fire.' But, I think, nothing can express the gorgeous beauty of its plumage, or convey so splendid an image of its tints, as the name the Indians apply to it, which, translated, means *beams, or locks of the sun.*"

"The Indians, mamma!" exclaimed Emily; "did the savage Indians know any thing about those delicate birds?"

"Yes, my dear, they did. Even the savage Indian revelled in the admiration of their beauty, and used to deck their brides with the gem-like

feathers plucked from the apparently jewelled and starry diadem of those little birds. In the days of Montezuma, the ancient Mexicans formed magnificent mantles of their feathers; and the pictures Cortes admired so much were embroidered with their skins. In 'Mexico in 1827,' written by Mr. Ward, he mentions, that the kingdom of the Aztecs call the capital city Tzinzunzan, from the numbers of Humming Birds in its neighbourhood, with which they decorate the statues of their gods. And the Indians of Patzquara are yet famed for this work. They compose figures of saints with feathers of the Humming Bird, remarkable for the delicate workmanship and splendid colours."

"Do you know why they are called *Humming Birds*, mamma?" asked Emily.

"I never heard any reason assigned for that name," said her mother; "but it is not improbable that they may have been named so at first, from the humming noise they make with their wings in fluttering about."

"They do not seem to sing at all, mamma;" observed Emily.

"No, my love, they only chirp like a little grasshopper, in passing from one flower to another, or when fighting."

“What! those feeble, small looking creatures *fight*?” returned the little girl.

“Yes, my dear, and I have seen them fight very bravely too; when any other Humming Bird dares to come to the same flower, or sometimes even the same bush, a battle ensues directly; and the diminutive warriors continue chirping, darting, jerking, and flying in rapid circles round each other, till the contest is ended, when the conqueror returns to the flower. When they are angry or terrified they are very violent, and their flight inconceivably swift. They utter a shrill shriek when aloft; and often attack larger birds, by thrusting their long bill, which is as sharp as a needle, into their eyes. I remember once in Mariaqua Valley, in St. Vincent, a Bee Humming Bird darting out on me, when I passed near the stalk of wild fern on which its nest was built, chirping and flying round me, till, when it perceived I was not going to touch its nest, it returned back to it. All the vast Archipelago of islands between the mouths of the Orinoco and Florida, with the mainland of the Southern Continent, have flocks of Humming Birds. I remember when your papa and I were first married, an officer of the ——— regiment, then stationed in St. Vincent, and afterwards

in Trinidad, who employed much of his leisure time in shooting Humming Birds. When the regiment was ordered to England he took the skins of the birds with him; and so many had he killed and caught, that the sale of them, in London, procured him money enough to purchase his company."

"Do all Humming Birds make their nests of the same materials?" said Emily.

"No, my dear; the *Doctor* Humming Bird, as it is termed in Tobago and other islands, builds a nest of a lengthened shape, of dry grass, moss, and slender roots. It is suspended to the leaf of some plant of the reed species, and is cemented to it by the glutinous threads of caterpillars and spiders. The entrance to the nest of the Doctor Humming Bird (*T. hirsutus*) is low down, and it lays only *one* egg. The Black Humming Bird makes its nest of cotton, wove round the thorns and slender twigs of the citron tree; while the Topaz-crested Humming Bird forms a nest *seven-eighths of an inch* in diameter, the materials of which are cotton, with lichens plastered outside, attached firmly to some creeping plant by threads of fine cottony appearance, or slender tendrils and roots; while the lower part is covered with a thin coat of a

glutinous substance. But all the Humming Birds build their nests very delicately and neatly, yet with warmth, and very compactly. In this respect there is a general resemblance, however they may differ in the materials they use."

"I do not think they are very shy, mamma; look, they are settling on that red oleander, and others on the posts of the verandah, even though we are in it;" said Emily.

"Humming Birds," said Mrs. Spencer, "are not so timid as most other birds, as you now may observe; they are not afraid of coming close to windows, where there are flowers. I once saw the *Trochilus minimus*, or the Least Humming Bird, fly into my room in St. Vincent, and settle on a plant of red jessamine in the window, and for many days it returned to the flowers, till, as they faded, it discontinued its visits."

"What colour is the Least Humming Bird, mamma?" inquired Emily.

"Of a very glossy rich green," replied her mother. "It is the smallest bird known; and it may give you some idea of its diminutive size to tell you, that, when dried, it weighs only about *thirty grains*. Its nest is made of cotton, and is about as large as a walnut; and the female lays two eggs nearly the size of *peas*. And I

have lately read of one which is found in America, called by the Spaniards *Tomincius*, of a bright green colour, which, on weighing it immediately after it was killed, was only the *tenth part* of an ounce avoirdupois, or about the weight of a silver sixpence."

"I should like very much to see that Least Humming Bird," said the little girl; "are there any in Trinidad, mamma?"

"I cannot tell you, my dear; but it is not unlikely that there are. I have already seen the Blue-throated Sabre Wing (*T. latipennis*), the White-collared, the Ruby-crested, and Ruby-throated Humming Birds, since my arrival here; and I think I caught a glimpse of the Golden-green Humming Bird, or *Trochilus viridissimus* of Linnæus, among the lemon-grass yesterday," said Mrs. Spencer. "And now, that I have told you something about the Humming Birds you have seen this morning, I hope you will learn to repeat the pretty lines that Wilson, a great Ornithologist, wrote on the Ruby-throated Humming Bird:

' When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts his red glories from the eastern main ;
Then round our woodbines, wet with glittering dews,
The flower-fed Humming Bird his round pursues ;
Sips with inserted tube the honied blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams ;

While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast,—
What heavenly tints in mingled radiance fly !
Each rapid movement gives a different dye ;
Like scales of burnished gold, they dazzling shew ;
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow ! ”

“ Yes, mamma, I will learn them ; they are very pretty indeed,” said Emily : and then, in a minute or two, she added, “ Don’t you think if I kept the cage in the verandah, and gave them plenty of flowers, I *might* keep some of the Humming Birds ? They would be very happy and comfortable, mamma.”

“ No, I do not think you could keep them, Emily. I had a very clever friend, who was a naturalist, and I know he frequently tried to keep them in a cage, but without success ; for they either became sickly and died, beating themselves against the wires of the cage, or drooped, and were so unhappy, that my friend released them. Besides, they could not be happy in confinement, after being accustomed to the free range of gardens and flowers.”

“ Perhaps so, mamma ; yet I should *so* much like to have some.”

“ Very well, my dear,” said her mother ; “ I do not forbid you to have them ; perhaps, a few lessons of the kind may prove to you that it is

not wise in little girls to be so obstinate in their own opinions, in opposition to those who are older and know better than they do—so take your own way.”

Before that evening, Emily had procured a cage of wild vines, made by Congo Jack, the son of the woman who superintended the poultry, and she had coaxed Delphine, a young French negro girl, to assist her next morning in catching some Humming Birds:

Early the following morning, she rose with, or rather before, the sun; and, accompanied by Delphine, went into the garden, to lay wait for the pretty little flutterers. As soon as the sun had risen, the Humming Birds began to flit out, one by one, among the jessamines, convolvuluses, and snowy coffee-blossoms. When Emily saw one busy sipping the honey from a tall coffee-bush, she stretched out her hand to seize it; but off it flew to a bunch of blossoms,—Delphine nearly caught it—Emily thought she had got it, and called to know if she had.

“Pas tinèz, ma’am,” drawled out Delphine lazily, in her French negro patois, meaning she had not got it. And it was not until after many attempts that she secured one of the Ruby-crested species, and soon after a White-collared one. Emily was well satisfied with them, and

putting them into the damp green cage, stuffed every interstice with flowers. She had scarcely completed her work, when her mamma and papa came into the *hall*, as the dining-room is called in the West Indies.

Neither of them took any notice of the cage and the birds; and Emily, who felt she had done what they would disapprove of, did not, as usual, come running to shew her prize to them. In the forenoon, she came to the room where her father and mother were writing.

“Papa, my Humming Birds will not suck any honey from the flowers,” she said, in rather a humble voice.

Her father looked up, and replied, “They are gasping for breath—you have put so many flowers in the cage, and round it, that no air can get in; they are almost suffocated.”

Emily did not think this; so she put the cage back again into the verandah under a red oleander. Her mamma then called her to her lessons, which occupied her till dinner-time; so that she had no time to look at the poor sufferers till dinner was over. When she did so, she found all the flowers faded; and, bringing the cage into the hall to remove them, and replace them with fresh ones, she was startled by the appearance of the Humming Birds. They

were clinging to the perch—their once bright eyes closed—with no signs of life or motion.

“Oh, mamma! what is the matter with my birds? only look at them!” said Emily.

“You have killed them, my dear, by putting them in that cold, damp cage, and shutting out almost all the fresh air,” replied her mother.

Emily looked aghast. She opened the cage and took them out; she held them in her warm hands, to try and recover them: one just gave a faint chirp, and expired; the other rolled about in such agony and convulsions, that her father ordered one of the servants to put it out of pain at once.

The servant did as he was desired; and, as soon as it was dead, brought it back and laid it beside his master on the table.

“There are your birds, my dear,” said her father, as he handed them to her.

Emily burst into tears. “Oh, mamma!” she sobbed, “I did not mean to do this—Oh, I wish you had told me they *must* die.”

“I could not tell you *that*, Emily; but remember how I warned you, and told you, that scarcely any one had ever been able to keep them.”

“Are they *quite* dead?” said she, as she looked sorrowfully at them.

“Perfectly, my dear,” replied her father.

Emily began to cry afresh. "I did not mean to kill them, papa," she said.

"Perhaps not; but did you never consider that putting delicate little birds into a cold damp cage of wild vines, freshly stripped of their bark, and excluding the air, by filling every aperture with flowers, was a very likely way to kill them?"

"No, indeed, papa, I never thought of that; but I think it would have been better not to have had any thing to do with them. It would have been *much better* if I had done as mamma told me."

"Exactly so; *now* you have come to the very conclusion I wished. Until you are much older, you will find it wisest to allow yourself to be guided by your mother and myself. We, though not infallible in our judgment, are less likely to form erroneous opinions, and more fitted, from our age, to know what is best, and most prudent for you. I am sorry the poor birds should have suffered as they must have done; but this may be a good lesson for my little Emily, not to indulge in her obstinate disposition. In childhood, you can do little harm to yourself, or others, by that fault; though it would be distressing to us, to see you grow up with so dangerous a foible. In *this* instance it has cost two innocent, pretty little birds their lives. This morning, they were flying about

the garden, in mirth and beauty; and now, what a sad contrast, look at them!—stiff, cold, and dead! And, in permitting your obstinacy an unrestrained course, you must recollect, when you are older, it might do great injury to yourself and every one connected with you. I hope, my dear, you understand me?” said her father.

“Oh yes, indeed, papa, I do; I am very sorry for what I have done. I will not *promise*, but I will *try* sincerely to check myself in all obstinacy. Will you forgive me, mamma?”

Her mother kissed, and forgave her; and as her father did the same, he said, “At sunset we will bury the little birds, and plant an orange tree and red jessamine over them. Then, when the orange and jessamine-trees blossom, and other Humming Birds stop to sip the honey from them, I hope it will deter you from your old fault, by the recollection of the victims, which, but for your obstinacy, might have been as gay and as happy, fluttering from flower to flower, like ‘glittering fragments of the rainbow;’ and, if ever you are inclined to be obstinate, or self-willed, I will recall you to yourself by leading you to the Humming Birds’ grave.”

THE END.







JAN 28 1933

